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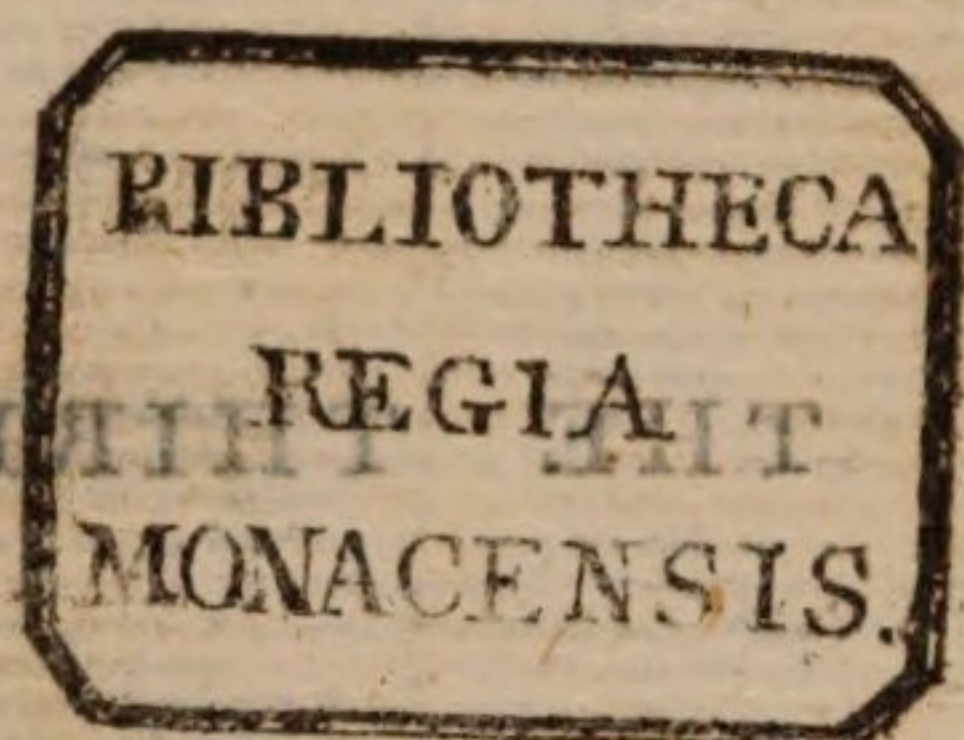
THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRD,

CONTAINING:

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
TWELFTH NIGHT.
WINTER'S TALE.
MACBETH.
KING JOHN.

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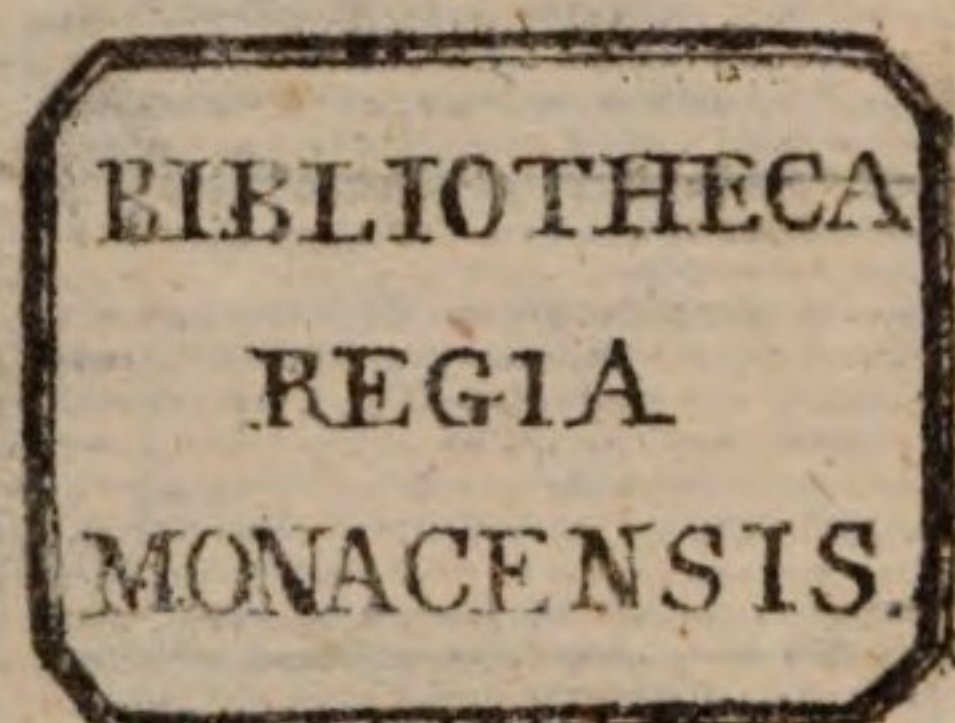
CHARLES WAGNER. A. M.

PROFESSOR OF THE CAROLINUM AT BRUNSWICK.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

BRUNSWICK, MDCCCL.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
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CHARLES WAGNER, A.M.
PROFESSOR OF THE CLASSICAL AT BRUNSWICK.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS
WELL.

ALLS WELL THAT ENDS
WELL

*** THE story of *All's well that ends well*, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, *Love's Labour wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's *Gilletta* of Narbon, in the first Vol. of the *Palace of Pleasure*, quarto, 1566, p. 88. FARMER.

Shakspeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumstances in the graver parts of the piece. The comick business appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1598.
MALONE.

Persons Represented 1).

King of France.

Duke of Florence.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old Lord.

PAROLLES 2), a follower of Bertram.

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram
in the Florentine war.

Steward, }
Clown, } Servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
A Page. }

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the widow.

VIOLENTA 3), }
MARIANA, } Neighbours and friends to the widow.

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, etc.
French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

1) There is no enumeration of persons in the old copy.

2) *Parolles*,] I suppose we should write this name *Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words.

STEEVENS.

3) *Violenta* only enters once, and then she neither speaks, nor is spoken to.

STEEVENS.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS
WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of ROUSILLON, HELENA,
and LAFEU, in mourning.

Count. **I**n delivering my son from me, I bury
a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my
father's death anew: but I must attend his ma-
jesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,
evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband,
madam; — you, sir, a father: He that so gene-
rally is at all times good, must of necessity hold
his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir
it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where
there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's
amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, ma-
dam; under whose practices he hath persecuted
time with hope; and finds no other advantage in
the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so; Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious. — Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and atchieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny o

her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more
will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck
down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell. — My lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best,
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven blefs him! — Farewell, Bertram.
[Exit Countess.]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [to Helena.] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.

[Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.]

Hel. O, were that all! — I think not on my father;
 And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
 Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
 I have forgot him: my imagination
 Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
 I am undone; there is no living, none,
 If Bertram be away. It were all one,
 That I should love a bright particular star,
 And think to wed it, he is so above me:
 In his bright radiance and collateral light
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
 The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
 To see him every hour; to sit and draw
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
 In our heart's table; heart, too capable
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
 Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
 And yet I know him a notorious liar,
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
 Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we
 see
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy

to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up! — Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly

increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he —
I know not what he shall: — God send him well! —
The court's a learning place; — and he is one —

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well. — 'Tis pity —

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,

And shew what we alone must think; wick never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[Exit Page.]

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under
a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that
you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes
the safety: But the composition, that your valour
and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing,
and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot an-
swer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier;
in the which, my instruction shall serve to natu-
ralize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's
counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust
upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness,
and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell.
When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when
thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee
a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so
farewell. *[Exit.]*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull

Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
 What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
 That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
 The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
 To join like likes, and kifs like native things.
 Impossible be strange attempts, to those
 That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
 What hath been cannot be: Whoever strove
 To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
 The king's disease — my project may deceive me,
 But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
 [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the king of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. | The Florentines and Senoys are by the
 ears;
 Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
 A braving war.

1. Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
 A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
 With caution, that the Florentine will move us
 For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
 Prejudicates the business, and would seem
 To have us make denial.

1. Lord. His love and wisdom,
 Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
 For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
 And Florence is deny'd before he comes:
 Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
 The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
 To stand on either part.

2. *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good
lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral
parts

May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man

Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
now

But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would
always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,) — *Let me not live,* —
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, — *let me not live*, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: — This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2. *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. — How long
is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet; —
Lend me an arm; — the rest have worn me out
With several applications: — nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clown. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clown. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clown. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clown. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clown. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clown. 'Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clown. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clown. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clown. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,

Which men full true shall find;

Your marriage comes by destiny,

Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clown. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,* [singing.]

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,

Was this king Priam's joy.
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but or every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clown. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! — Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. — I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. 'Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults; — or then we thought
 them none.

Here eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care: —
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? — that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother?

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; 'Would you
were

(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,) Indeed, my mother! — or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
 So I were not his sister: Can't no other,
 But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-
 in-law;

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and
 mother,

So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
 My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
 The mystery of your loneliness, and find
 Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
 You love my son; invention is asham'd,
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
 But tell me then, 'tis so: — for, look, thy cheeks
 Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
 See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviours,
 That in their kind they speak it; only sin
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
 That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?
 If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
 If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
 As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
 To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
 Whereof the world takes note: come, come, dis-
 close

The state of your affection; for your passions
 Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
 Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
 That before you, and next unto high heaven,
 I love your son: —

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of
this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How shall they
credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your
honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,
and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, with young lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewel, young lords, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: — and you, my lords,
farewel: —

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1. Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess, he owes the malady
That does my life besiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewel.

2. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. — Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*]

1. *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark —

2. *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;

Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn, But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1. *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2. *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1. *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

2. *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: — You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2. *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king — [seeing him rise.]

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak,

and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [Exeunt *BER.* and *PAR.*]

Enter *LAFEU*.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple
touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one
arriv'd,
If you will see her, — now, by my faith and
honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts
 In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
 With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
 Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see
 her,
 (For that is her demand,) and know her business?
 That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
 Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
 By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
 And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
 This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
 A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
 His majesty seldom fears; I am Cressid's uncle,
 That dare leave two together; fare you well.
 [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business fol-
 low us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon
 was
 My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises to-
 wards him;
 Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
 Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
 Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
 And of his old experience the only darling,
 He bad me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure, —
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate, — I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grate-
ful:

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I
give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have
flow'n

From simple sources; and great seas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well,
kind maid;

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guesses by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what
space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fieri torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence, —
A strumpet's boldness; a divulged shame, —
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak;

His powerful sound, within an organ weak:
 And what impossibility would slay
 In common sense, sense saves another way.
 Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
 That happiness can prime and happy call:
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try;
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
 And well deserv'd; Not helping, death's my fee;
 But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of
 heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy
 kingly hand,
 What husband in thy power I will command:
 Exempted be from me the arrogance
 To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
 My low and humble name to propagate
 With any branch or image of thy state:
 But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
 Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
 So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
 Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
 More should I question thee, and more I must;
 Though, more to know, could not be more to
 trust;

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, —
 But rest
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest. —

Give me some help here, ho! — If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clown. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kifs his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taf-faty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave,

as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clown. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: — I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clown. O Lord, sir, — There's a simple putting off: — more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, sir, — Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, sir, — Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir, — Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and *spare not me*? Indeed, your *O Lord sir*, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my — *O Lord, sir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clown. O Lord, sir, — Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clown. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists, —

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows, —

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable, —

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd, —

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an —

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in, — What do you call there? —

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me I speak in respect —

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the —

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak —

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be —

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;

And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd
sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful
parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's
voice

I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to
forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous
mistress
Fall, when love please! — marry, to each, but
one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to
health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for
you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealth-
iest,

That, I protest, I simply am a maid: —
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be
refus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. — Sir, will you hear my
suit?

1. *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames - ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2. *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipt; or I would send
them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [to a Lord.] that I your
hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her: sure, they are bastards to the English;
the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too
good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet, — I am sure, thy
father drunk wine. — But if thou be'st not an
ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known
thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [to Ber.] but
I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. — This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her,
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your
highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from
my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife! — Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
the which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;

And these breed honour; that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st
strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I
am glad;

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to
defeat,

I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
hate,

Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which
late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BER. HEL. Lords, and Attendants.*]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? — My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rou-
sillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master
is of another stile.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Had'st thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee, —

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if — Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! — Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of — I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are

more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

[Exit.]

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then. — Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me: —
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars,
my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Marses fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: Wars are no strife

To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise
in it. — 'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis
so. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health:
she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but
thanks be given, she's very well, and wants no-
thing i'the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail,
that she's not very well?

Clown. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for
two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clown. One, that she's not in heaven, whither
God send her quickly! the other, that she's in
earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have
mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. — O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clown. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clown. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clown. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed. — Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave
o'the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. — Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Another Room in the same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not
him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this
lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great
in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience,
and transgress'd against his valour; and my state
that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in
my heart to repent: Here he comes; I pray you,
make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. [*to Ber.*]

Laf. 'Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir,
is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? [*aside to*

Par. She is. *Parolles.*]

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride, —
And, ere I do begin, —

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. — God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserv'd to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. — Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

[*Exit.*]

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well; and common
speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from
you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat
you,

That presently you take your way for home:
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shews itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[giving a letter.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much: — nothing, indeed. —

I would not tell you what I would; my lord, —
'faith, yes; —

Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kifs.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? —
Farewel. [Exit HELENA.]

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1. *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful

On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2. Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our
nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle: You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have
had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clown. By my troth, I take my young lord to
be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clown. Why, he will look upon his boot, and
sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions,
and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man
that

that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. *[opening a letter.]*

Clown. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o'the country, are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clown. E'en that you have there. *[Exit.]*

Count. *[reads.]* *I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clown. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting

of children. Here they come, will tell you more:
for my part, I only hear, your son was run
away. [Exit Clown.]

Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen.

1. *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2. *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. — 'Pray you, gentlemen, —

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't: — Where is my son, I
pray you?

2. *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke
of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam, here's my
passport.

[reads.] *When thou canst get the ring upon my
finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a
child begotten of thy body, that I am father to,
then call me husband: but in such a then I write a
never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1. *Gen.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. — Towards Florence
is he?

2. *Gen.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2. *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1. *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
of speed.

Hel. [reads.] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France. 'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
haply, which

His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. — Who was with him?

1. *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1. *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of
wickedness:

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1. *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you

Written to bear along.

2. *Gen.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our cour-
tesies.

Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France.

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air.
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rou-
sillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence;
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;

That pitiful rumor may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Florence. Before the Duke's Palace.

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM,
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art;
and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and cre-
dence,
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall
prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

S C E N E IV.

Rousillon. A Room in the Count's Palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter
of her?

Might you not know, she would do as she has
done,

By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. *I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;*

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,

With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,

His name with zealous fervour sanctify;

His taken labours bid him me forgive;

I, his despightful Juno, sent him forth

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me;

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mild-
est words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she
writes,

Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to
hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. — Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me
speak. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,
DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach
the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done
most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
greatest commander; and that with his own hand
he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our
labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark!
you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice
ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana,
take heed of this French earl; the honour of a
maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as
honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you
have been solicited by a gentleman his com-
panion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles:
a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the
young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their pro-

mises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! [*A march afar off.*]

They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of
yours,

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Rousillon; Know you such
a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly
of him;

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his
lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the
count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wheresoe'er she
is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might
do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not an handsome
gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he's not honest: Yond's that
same knave,

That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why
is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look,
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers and
Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I
will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thank-
ing,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V I.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.

1. *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't;
let him have his way.

2. *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hil-
ding, hold me no more in your respect.

1. *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in
him?

1. *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own
direct knowledge, without any malice, but to
speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most nota-
ble coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hour-
ly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good
quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2. *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, re-
posing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,
he might, at some great and trusty business, in
a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular ac-
tion to try him.

2. *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch
off his drum, which you hear him so confidently
undertake to do.

1. *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will

suddenly surprize him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes,

Enter PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2. *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost! — There was an excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2. *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our

success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.]

1. *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns him.

self to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2. *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1. *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost emboss'd him, you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2. *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1. *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1. *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

2. *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,

And found her wond'rous cold; but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;

And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature;

Will you go see her?

2. Lord. With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Florence. *A room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well
born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have shew'd me that, which well ap-
proves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooes your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,

64 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to till the time,
Herself most chastly absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time, and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

I. Lord. He can come no other way but by
this hedge' corner: When you sally upon him,
speak

speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1. *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1. *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1. *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1. *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1. *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*aside.*]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1. *Lord.* Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*aside.*]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1. *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*aside.*]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1. *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*aside.*]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stript:

1. *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*aside.*]

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel—

1. *Lord.* How deep? [*aside.*]

Par. Thirty fathom

1. *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*aside.*]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recover'd it.

1. *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*aside.*]

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*]

1. *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O, ransom, ransom : — Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*]

1. *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know, you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1. *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado* : — I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue : — *Kerelybonto* : — Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh !

1. *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray. —
Manka revania dulce.

1. *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorce.*

1. *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on,
To gather from thee : haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,
Their force, their purposes : nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1. *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1. *Sold.* *Acordo linta.* —
Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1. *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon and
my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep
him muffled

Till we do hear from them.

2. *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1. *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves; —

Inform 'em that.

2. *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1. *Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's house.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was, When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our ro-
ses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the
truth;

But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray
you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my
oaths,

When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your
oaths

Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more
off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and
ever

My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such a
scene,

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no
power

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wis-
dom

Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall
know them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by
wooing thee. [Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both
heaven and me!
You may so in the end. —
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry
me,

When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with
 him,
 When I am bury'd. Since Frenchmen are so
 braid,
 Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
 Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
 To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E I I I.

The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1. *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2. *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1. *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2. *Lord.* Especially he hath incurr'd the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1. *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2. *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1. *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2. *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1. *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2. *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1. *Lord.* That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2. *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1. *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2. *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1. *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2. *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1. *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2. *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1. *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief;

in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2. *Lord.* How is this justified?

1. *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2. *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1. *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2. *Lord.* I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1. *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2. *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1. *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues. —

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2. *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1. *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2. *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? — Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2. *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1. *Lord.* I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i'the stocks: And what, think you, he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2. *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as, I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1. *Lord.* Hoodman comes! — *Porto tartarossa.*

1. *Sold.* He calls for the tortures; what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1. *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

2. *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1. *Sold.* You are a merciful general: — Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1. *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theo-

rick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2. *Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said, — I will say true, — or thereabouts, — set down, — for I'll speak truth.

1. *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1. *Sold.* Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vau-mond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1. *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be

i'the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1. Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.]

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1. Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1. Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1. Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o'the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1. Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1. Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1. Lord Excellently.

1. Sold. Dian, *The count's a fool, and full of gold, —*

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1. Sold. Nay, I'll read it first by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1. Sold. *When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*

*After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;*

*He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kifs:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.*

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1. *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1. *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confests freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour; What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1. *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1. *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians, — to belie him, I will not, — and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would

do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1. *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1. *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1. *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2. *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1. *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1. *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*aside.*]

1. *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army,

my, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1. *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [unbinding him.]
So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* God blefs you, captain Parolles.

1. *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2. *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1. *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, etc.]

1. *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1. *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [Exit.]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this; Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a
braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live }
 Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery }
 thrive! }
 There's place, and means, for every man alive. }
 I'll after them. } [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Florence. *A room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
 wrong'd you,
 One of the greatest in the christian world
 Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis
 needful,
 Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
 Time was, I did him a desired office,
 Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
 Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep
 forth,
 And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd,
 His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
 We have convenient convoy. You must know,
 I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
 My husband hies him home; where, heaven
 aiding,
 And by the leave of my good lord the king,
 We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
 You never had a servant, to whose trust
 Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
 Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly la-
 bour
 To recompence your love; doubt not, but
 heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's
 dower,
 As it hath fated her to be my motive
 And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they
 hate,
 When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
 With what it loaths, for that which is away:
 But more of this hereafter: — You, Diana,
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
 Go with your impositions, I am yours
 Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you, —
 But with the word, the time will bring on
 summer,
 When briars shall have leaves as well as
 thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
 Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the
 crown;
 Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Rousillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Countess, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with
 a snipt-taffata fellow there; whose villainous
 saffron would have made all the unbaked and
 doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your
 daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour;

and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clown. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clown. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grafs.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself; a knave, or a fool?

Clown. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clown. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clown. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clown. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clown. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clown. Faith, sir, he has an English name;

but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clown. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darknes; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of; serve him still.

Clown. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his

majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour: so, belike, is that.

Clown. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clown. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights
as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you,
sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen

From the report that goes upon your goodness:
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to

The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more
haste

Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. *All's well that ends well*, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit. —
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,

What-e'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Rousillon. *The inner Court of the Count's Palace.*

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu
this letter; I have ere now, sir, been better

known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clown. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clown. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clown. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy'd withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit Clown.]*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'écu for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. — Cox' my passion! give me your hand: — How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets. — Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I I.

The same. A Room in the Count's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, etc.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i'the blade of youth;

When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all:
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, —
But first I beg my pardon, — The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took cap-
tive;

Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to
serve,
Humbly call'd mistrefs.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. — Well, call him
hither; —

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: — Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relicks of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit Gentleman.]

King. What says he to your daughter? have
you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom
myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou did'st love her, strikes some scores
away
From the great compt: But love, that comes too
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,

Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
 Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
 Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
 Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
 The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
 To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
 heaven, blefs!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
 name

Must be digested, give a favour from you,
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
 That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
 And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
 Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
 The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
 I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
 eye,
 While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
 This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
 I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
 Necessity'd to help, that by this token
 I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave
 her
 Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
 Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
 The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
 I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
 At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never
 saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
 Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
 Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
 I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
 To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
 I could not answer in that course of honour
 As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
 In heavy satisfaction, and would never
 Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
 That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
 Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
 Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas
 Helen's,
 Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
 That you are well acquainted with yourself,
 Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough en-
 forcement

You got it from her: she call'd the saints to
 surety,
 That she would never put it from her finger,
 Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
 (Where you have never come,) or sent it us
 Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
 honour;
 And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
 Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
 That thou art so inhuman, — 'twill not prove
 so; —
 And yet I know not: — thou didst hate her
 deadly,

And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
 Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
 More than to see this ring. — Take him away. —

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]
 My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,

Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. — Away with
him; —

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was [*Exit Bertram, guarded.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*reads.*] — Upon his many protestations
to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to
say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a
widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my ho-
nour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking
no leave, and I follow him to his country for jus-
tice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; other-
wise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is un-
done.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair,
and toll for this. I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery. — Seek these sui-
tors: —

Go, speedily, and bring again the count. —
[Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.]

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
 Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,

And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,

Yet you desire to marry. — What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
 Derived from the ancient Capulet;

My suit, as I do understand, you know,
 And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
 And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; Do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
 But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
 You give away this hand, and that is mine;
 You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;

You give away myself, which is known mine;
 For I by vow am so embody'd yours,

That

That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation [to Ber.] comes too
short for my daughter, you are no husband for
her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate
creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them
ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your
honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

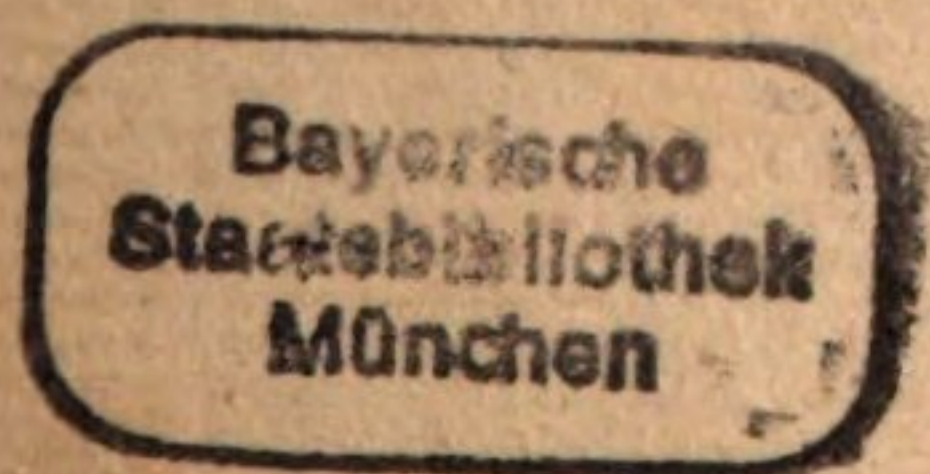
Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; If I
were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his
wife;

That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.



Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd;

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:

Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,

That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:

She knew her distance, and did angle for me,

Madding my eagerness with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancy's course

Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

Her insuit coming with her modern grace,

Subdued me to her rate; she got the ring;

And I had that, which any inferior might

At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

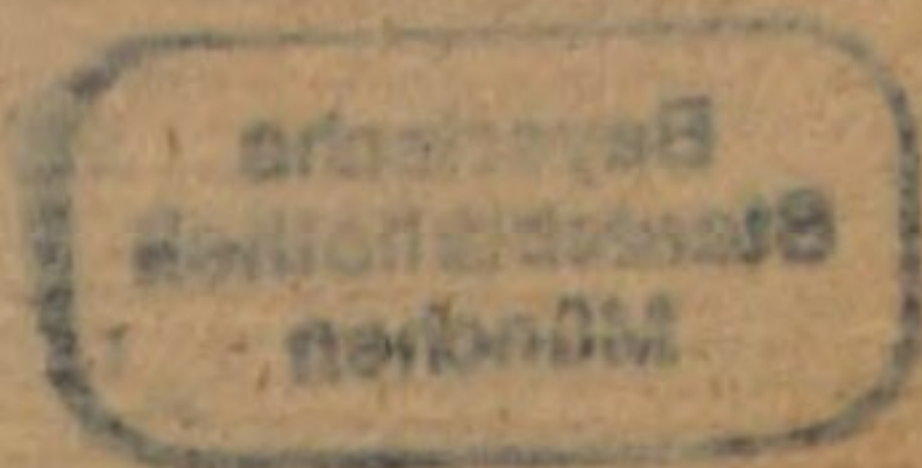
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his
of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw
it him



Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confels, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.--

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—
What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her, — for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are marry'd: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. — This ring, you say was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord,

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now. To prison with her: and away with him. — Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew a man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not. Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*]

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. — Stay, royal sir; [Exit Widow.]

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick:
And now behold the meaning,

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist,
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing,

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon!

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this
maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,

And are by me with child, — This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you! —

O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep
anon: — Good Tom Drum, lend me a handker-
chief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll
make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone,
they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow; —

If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [to Diana.]

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. —

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well: and, if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Advancing.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day:

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts:

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt.]

T W E L F T H - N I G H T :

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

THE END OF THE WORLD

This is done
I now stand on the shore
And see the world as it is
And know that this is the end

And now I see the world as it is
And know that this is the end
I see the world as it is
And know that this is the end

I see the world as it is
And know that this is the end
I see the world as it is
And know that this is the end

THE END OF THE WORLD

I see the world as it is
And know that this is the end
I see the world as it is
And know that this is the end

W H A T U O U T A H W
I see the world as it is
And know that this is the end
I see the world as it is
And know that this is the end

Admiring

The king's daughter, now the play is done
All is well ended, if this be the end
I see the world as it is
And know that this is the end

* * THERE is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, July 15, 1596, that there was a version of "Epitomes des cent *Histoires Tragiques* partie extraites des actes des Romains, et autres, etc." Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comick scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. Ben Johnson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humour* at the end of Act. III. sc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* say, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting-maid: some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving-man, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1614. If however the foregoing passage was levelled at *Twelfth-Night*, my speculation falls to the ground. MALONE.

Persons Represented.

Orsino, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A sea-captain, friend to Viola.

Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

Curio, }

Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Malvolio, *steward to Olivia.*

Fabian, } *servants to Olivia.*

Clown, }

Olivia, *a rich countess.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.*

T W E L F T H - N I G H T :

O R,

W H A T Y O U W I L L.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excels of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;— it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.— Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,

Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. — How now? what news
from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,

But from her hand-maid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistrels, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep
fresh,

And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine
frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and
fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,) with one self-king! —
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with
bowers. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E I I.

*The Sea-coast.**Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.**Vio.* What country, friends, is this?*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you,
sailors?*Cap.* It is perchance, that you yourself were
sav'd.*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so, perchance,
may he be.*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with
chance,Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and this poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
tice)To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and
born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.*Vio.* Who governs here?*Cap.* A noble duke in nature, as in name.*Vio.* What is his name?

Cap. Orsino,

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,) That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count

That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd, : for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;

And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,

That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit;
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not
 see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to
 take the death of her brother thus? I am sure,
 care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come
 in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes
 great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
 the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer
 than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink
 in, and so be these boots too; and they be not,
 let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo
 you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of
 a foolish knight, that you brought in one night
 here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats
 a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, — almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quareller; and, but that he hath a gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost, —

Sir

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. And thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. And you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again; Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit MARIA.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting, O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question, for thou seest, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woes her

Sir To. She'll none o'the count, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws. knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard,

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's clothes.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he has known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. — Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What
then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair: — Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company: — Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady:—yet, [*aside.*] a barrful strife!
Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been,
or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle
may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will
hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd
in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee
where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold
to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have
it; and those that are fools, let them use their ta-
lents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so
long absent; or, to be turn'd away, is not that as
good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad
marriage; and, for turning away, let summer
bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two
points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.]

Enter OLIVIA, and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit. — God blefs thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away,

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: — the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! — Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much

as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell; Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite: to be generous, guileless, and of free disposition, is to take

those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*!

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. — What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here — A plague o' these pickle-herrings! — How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby, —

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the

very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. — Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I

am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [Exit MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand lay'd on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hart-hearted; I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to

them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.
Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too
proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were
crown'd

The non-pareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adoration's fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of
fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot
love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me,

Oli. You might do much: What is your pa-
rentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my estate is well:

I am a gentleman,

Oli. Get you to your lord;

I cannot love him: let him send no more;

Unless, perchance, you come to me again,

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;

My master, not myself, lacks recompence.

Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;

And let your fervour, like my master's, be

Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, my estate is well:

I am a gentleman. — I'll be sworn thou art;

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon: — Not too fast;
— soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man. — How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,

With an invisible and subtle stealth,

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —

What, ho, Malvolio! —

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,

The county's man: he left this ring behind him,

Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so!
[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you
not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine
darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might,
perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave
of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone:
It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay
any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you
are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage
is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so
excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not
extort from me what I am willing to keep in;
therefore it charges me in manners the rather to
expres myself: You must know of me then, An-
tonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Ro-
dorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messa-
line, whom I know, you have heard of; he left
behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in
an hour; If the heavens had been pleas'd, would

we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! —

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio.

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took this ring of me! I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed so much,
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man; — if it be so, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it, for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her
dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, now alas the day!
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-
 CHEEK.*

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be
 a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and
diluculo surgere, thou know'st,—

Sir. And. Nay, by my troth, I know not:
 but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an
 unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to
 go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed
 after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not
 our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think,
 it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore
 eat and drink. — Marian, I say! — a stoop of
 wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts? Did you
 never see a picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, afs. Now let's have a
 catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an ex-
 cellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings
 I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to

sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman; Had'st it?

Clown. I did impetico thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay; ay; I care not for good life.

S O N G.

Clown. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
ing?

O, stay and hear; your true love's
coming,

That can sing both high and low:]

Trip no further pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clown. What is love? 'tis not hereafter,

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come, is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do it: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clown. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight,

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clown. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin. [*They sing a catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

[*singing.*]

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December, —

[Singing.]

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clown. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [Singing.]

Clown. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clown. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, sir! ye lie. — Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right. — Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs: — A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd afs, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an afs.

Mar. Afs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.]

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to-bed, knight. — Thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come knight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

Duke. Give me some musick. — Now, good morrow, friends: —

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs, and recollected terms, Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: — Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [Exit CURIO.—Musick.]

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. — How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What
years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the wo-
man take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than
thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last
night:—

Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread
 with bones,

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age.

Clown. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [Musick.]

S O N G.

Clown. *Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
 thrown:
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true-lover ne'er find my grave,
 To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid,
 one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailormake thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal! — I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. — Farewell. [Exit Clown.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place. — Once more, Cesario, [Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.]

Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —
No motion of the liver, but the palate, —
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know, —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men
 may owe: In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
 My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her
 love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in
 thought;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
 We men may say more, swear more: but, in-
 deed,
 Our shows are more than will; for still we
 prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my
 boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's
 house,
 And all the brothers too; — and yet I know
 not: —

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
 To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
 My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Olivia's Garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
 and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue; Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught witht ickling. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue: —

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio: —

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard, — telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, — to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my some rich jewel: Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby*, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech; —

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One *Sir Andrew*:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[taking up the letter.]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's. Why that?

Mal. [reads.] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes: her very phrases! — By your leave, wax. — Soft; and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?*

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [reads.] *Jove knows, I love;
But who?*

*Lips do not move,
No man must know.*

No man must know. — What follows? the numbers alter'd! *No man must know:* if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.* — Nay, but first, let me see, — let me see, — let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this; — And the end; — What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly; — *M, O, A, I.* —

Sir To. O, ay! make up that: — he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M,* — Malvolio; *M,* — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M,* — But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I*; — This simulation is not as the former: — and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft; here follows prose. — *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness; Some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee,*

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests

herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised! — Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee.* — Jove, I thank thee. — I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device;

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the

sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [Eeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir. — To see this age! — A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. *[Exit.]*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's folly, fall'n, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odours! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: — I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*]

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam,

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf: —

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady, —

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might
you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
receiving

Enough is shewn; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile
again:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [Clock
strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time, —
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west,

Vio. Then westward-hoe:

Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am, I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is
noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is
better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st
move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an afs o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: you should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have hang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by

some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir. And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[Exit Sir ANDREW.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so

much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church. — I have dogg'd him, like his murthrer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;

But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillets in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable; My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relicks of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your
lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be an-
swer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his
people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody
nature;

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying

What we took from them; which, for traffick's
sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out:

For which, if I be lapsed in this place,

I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my
purse:

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,

Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your
knowledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you
have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some
toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave
you for

An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant. —

Seb. I do remember. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says, he'll
come:

How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?

For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or
borrow'd.

I speak too loud. —

Where is Malvolio? — he is sad, and civil,

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in very strange manner. He is sure, pos-
sest, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship were
best

To have some guard about you, if he come,
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*smiles fantas-
tically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does
make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-
gartering: But what of that? if it please the
eye of one, it is with me as the very true son-
net is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is
the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow
in my legs: It did come to his hands, and com-
mands shall be executed. I think we do know
the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come
to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile
so, and kiss thy hand oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatness,—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Serv.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me?

This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she; — *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, — let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, — put thyself into the trick of singularity*; — and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankfull! And when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to*: Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance, — What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — *Sir Toby.* my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What man!
defy

defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness! gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What man: 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow:

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good senseless.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both,

that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA, and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt Sir T. FAB. and MAR.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell.
[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not: but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you

might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit Sir TOBY.]*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step

on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN, and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to Fab.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*aside.*]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

[draws.]

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[draws.]

Ant. Put up your sword; — If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [drawing.]

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [draws.]

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [to Antonio.]

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; — and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1. *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2. *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1. *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—

Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. — This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
 What will you do? Now my necessity
 Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
 Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
 Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
 But be of comfort.

2. *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that
 money.

Vio. What money, sir?
 For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
 And, part, being prompted by your present
 trouble,
 Out of my lean and low ability
 I'll lend you something: my having is not
 much;

I'll make division of my present with you:
 Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
 Is't possible, that my deserts to you
 Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
 Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
 As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
 That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
 Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
 I hate ingratitude more in a man,
 Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
 Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
 Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2. *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that
 you see here,
 I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
 Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,--
 And to his image, which, methought, did pro-
 mise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1. *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him. Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Excunt Officers with AN-
TONIO.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither,
Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of
most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother
know

Yet living in my glafs; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more
a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit.]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clown. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. — Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney. — I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me; There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand: — These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*striking Sir Andrew.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit Clown.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir, hold. [*holding Seb.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*draws.*]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*draws.*]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious
wretch,

Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my
sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario:—

Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose
but go;

Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the
stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dst
be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and
this beard; make him believe, thou art sir Topas
the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the
whilst. [Exit MARIA.]

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good house-keeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, master parson.

Clown. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*: so I, being master parson, am master parson; For what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clown. What, hoa, I say, — Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of

those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy; Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as baricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darknes, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darknes: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, —

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now

so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clown. Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does. [*singing.*]

Mal. Fool, —

Clown. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool, —

Clown. Alas. why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say; —

Clown. She loves another — Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. — Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas, —

Clown. Maintain no word with him, good fellow. — Who I, sir? not, I, sir. God b'w'you, good sir Topas. — Marry, amen. — I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say, —

Clown.

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient, What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day, — that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clown. I am gone, sir, [singing.]
 And anon, sir,
 I'll be with you again,
 In a trice,
 Like to the old vice,
 Your need to sustain;
 Who with dagger of lath,
 In his rage and his wrath,
 Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
 Like a mad lad,
 Pare thy nails, dad,
 Adieu, goodman devil. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
 Vol. III. M

This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
 I could not find him at the Elephant:
 Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service:
 For though my soul disputes well with my
 sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust, but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her
 followers,

Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
 That is deceivable. But here the lady comes,

Enter OLIVIA, and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you
 mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry by: there, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth. — What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with
 you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; — And
 heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown, and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence,
desire my dog again,

Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the

knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clown. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.]

Enter ANTONIO, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
 As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
 A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
 For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
 With which such scathful grapple did he make
 With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
 That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
 Cry'd fame and honour on him. — What's the
 matter?

1. *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,
 That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from
 Candy;

And this is he, that did the Tyger board,
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
 Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my
 side;

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
 I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their
 mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
 Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
 Be pleas'd that I shake of these names you
 give me;

Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
 Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
 That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
 From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
 Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
 His life I gave him, and did thereto add
 My love, without retention, or restraint,
 All his in dedication: for his sake,
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,

Into the danger of this adverse town;
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
 While one would wink; deny'd me mine own
 purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months
 before,

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
 Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA, and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven
 walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are
 madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
 But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may
 not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? —

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? — Good my
 lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
 It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,

As howling after musick,

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil
lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd
out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall
become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to
do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly? but hear me
this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument,
That screws me from my true place in your
favour,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight. —
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in
mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [*going.*]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*following.*]

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! How am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Duke. Come, away. [*to Viola.*]

Oli. Whither, my lord? — Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, Husband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st. — O welcome,
father!

Re-enter Attendant, and Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt
thou be,

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much
fear.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head
broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon;
send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head acrofs, and
has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for
the love of God, your help: I had rather than
forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesa-
rio: we took him for a coward, but he's the
very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: — You
broke my head for nothing; and that that I did,
I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never
hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,
you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by
a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink, he
would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? How is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't. — Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help? — An afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself? —

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd: —

Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*to Viola.*]
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say — Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town

Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle
help

I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, [*to Oli.*] you have been
mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*to*
Viola.]

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on
shore,

Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: — Fetch Malvolio
hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. —
How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,—*

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [to Fabian.]

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darknes, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.* The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [Exit Fabian.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer. —

Your master quits you; [*to Viola.*] and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister? — you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:

You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;

Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:

But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in
 smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
 Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
 This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;
 But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
 And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
 Taint the condition of this present hour,
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not
 Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
 Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
 The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;
 In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
 That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled
 thee?

Clown. Why, some are born great, some at-
 chieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown
 upon them. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one
 sir Topas, sir; but that's all one: — By the Lord,
 fool, I am not mad; — But do you remember?
 Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal?
 an you smile not, he's gagg'd: And thus the whir-
 ligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of
 you. [Exit.]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—

He hath not told us of the captain yet;
 When that is known, and golden time convents,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls: — Mean time, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come;
 For so you shall be, while you are a man;
 But, when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [Exeunt.]

S O N G.

Clown. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their
 gate,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my beds
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 With tofs pots still had drunken heads,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.*

WINTER'S TALE.

Vol. III.

N

WINTER'S TALE.

When I was a boy, I used to
play on the hill, and the wind
would blow the leaves about me.

For the wind is a good friend,
and it will tell me all the news.

But when I was a girl, I used to
play on the hill, and the wind
would blow the leaves about me.
For the wind is a good friend,
and it will tell me all the news.

But when I was a man, I used to
play on the hill, and the wind
would blow the leaves about me.
For the wind is a good friend,
and it will tell me all the news.

And now, when I am old, I used to
play on the hill, and the wind
would blow the leaves about me.
For the wind is a good friend,
and it will tell me all the news.

* * * THIS play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author: and in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

„Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,

„Warbles his native wood-notes wild.“

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgement of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton, by „some of great name,“ means Dryden and Pope. MALONE.

Persons Represented.

Leontes, King of Sicilia :

Mamillius, his son.

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomenes,

Dion,

Sicilian Lords.

Another Sicilian Lord.

Rogerc, a Sicilian Gentleman.

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Polixenes, King of Bohemia :

Florizel, his son.

Archidamus, a Bohemian Lord.

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita :

Clown, his Son.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

Autolycus, a Rogue.

Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, Queen to Leontes.

Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a Lady,

Two other Ladies, } **attending the Queen.**

Mopsa,

Dorcas, } **Shepherdesses.**

**Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance;
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, etc.**

**SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in
Bohemia.**

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed, —

Cam. 'Beseech you, —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. We

will give you sleepy drinks ; that your senses, un-intelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal to dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies ; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent ; shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves !

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius ; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him : It is a gallant child ; one that, indeed, physicks the subiect, makes old hearts fresh : they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?

Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have
been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our
throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our
thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cy-
pher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may
chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have
stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then;
and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so;
 There is no tongue that moves, none, none
 i'the world,
 So soon as yours, could win me: so it should
 now,

Were there necessity in your request, although
 'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
 Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
 Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
 To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
 Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my
 peace, until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay.

 You, sir,
 Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are
 sure,

All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
 The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
 He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were
 strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —
 Yet of your royal presence [*to Polix.*] I'll ad-
 venture

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
 You take my lord, I'll give him my comission,
 To let him there a month, behind the gest
 Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed, Le-
 ontes,

I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
 What lady she her lord. — You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily! You put me off with limber vows: But I, Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths, Should yet say, Sir, *no going*. Verily, You shall not go; a lady's verily is As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet? Force me to keep you as a prisoner, Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees, When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you? My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily, One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam: To be your prisoner, should import offending; Which is for me less easy to commit, Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then, But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys; You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen, Two lads, that thought there was no more behind, But such a day to-morrow as to day, And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun, And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd, Was innocence for innocence; we knew not The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd That any did: Had we pursued that life,

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
 Boldly, Not guilty; the imposition clear'd,
 Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
 You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
 Temptations have since then been born to us:
 In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
 Your precious self had then not cross'd the
 Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
 Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
 Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
 The offences we have made you do, we'll an-
 swer;
 If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
 You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd
 With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
 Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
 To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What, have I twice said well? when
 I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and
 make us
 As fat as tame things; One good deed, dying
 tongueless,
 Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
 Our praises are our wages: You may ride us

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
 With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
 My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
 What was my first? it has an elder sister,
 Or I mistake you: O, would her name were
 Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose:
 When?
 Nay, let me have't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
 Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
 death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
 And clap thyself my love; then didst thou
 utter,

I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed. —
 Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the pur-
 pose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
 The other, for some while a friend. [*giving her*
hand to Pol.]

Leo. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*]

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
 I have *tremor cordis* on me;—my heart dances;
 But not for joy, — not joy. — This entertain-
 ment

May a free face put on; derive a liberty
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
 And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
 But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
 As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
 As in a looking-glass: — and then to sigh, as
 'twere

The mort o'the deer; O, that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows. — Ma-
 millius,

Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hath smutch'd
thy nose?

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, cap-
tain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat. — Still virginalling
[*observing Polixenes and Hermione.*]

Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the
shoots that I have,

To be full like me: — yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me. — Come, sir
page,

Look on me with your welkin-eye: Sweet vil-
lain! —

Most dear'st! my collop! — Can thy dam? —
may't be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the center:
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams; — (How can this
be?) —

With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: — Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou
dost;

(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hard'ning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! [*aside.*] — Looking on the
lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil

Twenty three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This squash, this gentleman: — Mine honest
friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!

— My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we

Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:

He makes a July's day short as December;

And, with his varying childness, cures in me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps. — Her-
mione,

How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome;

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll
be found,
Be you beneath the sky: — I am angling now,
[*aside.*]

Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*observing Polix. and Her.*]
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a
fork'd one.

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.*]
Go, play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go, play, boy, play; There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the
arm,

That little thinks she hath been sluic'd in his
absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort
in't,

Whiles other men have gates; and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is
none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful,
think it,

From east, west, north, and south: Be it con-
cluded,

No barricado for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us

Have the disease, and feel't not. — How now,

boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort. —

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest
man. — [Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor
hold;

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions;
made

His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it? —

They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing,

Sicilia is a — so forth: 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last. — How came't, Ca-
millo,

That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't; good, should be
pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
 More than the common blocks : Not noted, is't,
 But of the finer natures ? by some severals,
 Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,
 Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most un-
 derstand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha ?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the en-
 treaties

Of our most gracious mistrefs.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistrefs ? — satisfy ? —
 Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
 With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
 My chamber-councils : wherein, priest-like,
 thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed
 Thy penitent reform'd ; but we have been
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
 In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon't ; — Thou art not ho-
 nest : or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
 Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
 From course requir'd : Or else thou must be
 counted

A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
 And therein negligent : or else a fool ;
 That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
 drawn,
 And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;

In

In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-
glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then
say,

My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?

Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
 Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs
 only,

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is no-
 thing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing:
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these no-
 things,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
 Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
 For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
 I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
 Pronounce thee a gross lowt, and mindless slave;
 Or else a hovering temporizer, that
 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
 Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
 Infected as her life, she would not live
 The runing of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like his medal,
 hanging
 About his neck, Bohemia: Who, — if I
 Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,
 Their own particular thrifts, — they would do
 that

Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
 His cup-bearer, — whom I, from meaner form

Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st
see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees
heaven,

How I am galled, — might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation?
Sully the purity and whiteness of
My sheets, which to preserve, is sleep; which
being

Spotted, is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for
sealing

The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear

As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,

And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [Exit LEONTES.]

Cam. O miserable lady! — But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. — To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brags, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not
one,

Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,

As he had lost some province, and a region,

Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
 With customary compliment; when he,
 Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
 So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
 That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know,
 and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
 For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
 And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
 Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
 Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
 A party in this alteration, finding
 Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
 Which puts some of us in distemper; but
 I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
 Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
 Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
 I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
 better,
 By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
 As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
 Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
 Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
 In whose success we are gentle, — I beseech
 you,
 If you know aught which does behove my know-
 ledge,
 Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
 In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I
 well!
 I must be answer'd. — Dost thou hear, Camillo,

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my
counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, — that you have touch'd his
queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,

As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis
born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, — away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several pos-
terns,

Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. — This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-
shades me:

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your high-
nels

To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1. Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1. Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me
as if

I were a baby still. — I love you better.

2. Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they
say,

Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2. Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. —

Pray now

What colour are your eye-brows?

1. Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2. *Lady.* Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we
shall

Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton
with us,

If we would have you.

1. *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
sir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir:

Come on, sit down: — Come on, and do your
best

To fright me with your sprights; you're power-
ful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard; — I will
tell it softly;

Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,

And give't in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?

1. *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met
them; never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd
 them
 Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
 In my just censure? in my true opinion? —
 Alack, for lesser knowledge! — How accurs'd,
 In being so blest! — There may be in the cup
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
 And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
 Is not infected: but if one present
 The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
 sides,

With violent hefts: I have drunk, and seen the
 spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander: —
 There is a plot against my life, my crown;
 All's true, that is mistrusted: — that false vil-
 lain,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
 He hath discover'd my design, and I
 Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
 For them to play at will: — How came the
 posterns

So easily open?

1. Lord. By his great authority;
 Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
 On your command.

Leon. I know't too well. —
 Give me the boy: I am glad, you did not nurse
 him;

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
 Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
 about her;

Away with him: — and let her sport herself
 With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes

Has made thee swell thus:

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my say-
ing,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable*:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use; — O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself: — these shrugs, these hums, and
ha's,

When you have said, *she's goodly*, come be-
tween,
Ere you can say *she's honest*: But be it
known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it
should be,
She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar! — I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is

A federary with her; and one that knows
 What she should shame to know herself,
 But with her most vile principal, that she's
 A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
 That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this: How will this grieve
 you,
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge,
 that
 You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
 You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
 You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
 In those foundations which I build upon,
 The center is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top. — Away with her to pri-
 son;
 He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
 But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
 I must be patient, till the heavens look
 With an aspect more favourable. — Good my
 lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
 Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
 Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
 That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
 Worse than tears drown; 'Beseech you all, my
 lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
 The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [to the guards.]

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? — 'be-
 seech your highness,
 My women may be with me; for, you see,

My plight requires it. Do not weep, good
fools;

There is no cause: when you shall know, your
mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,

As I come out; this action, I now go on,

Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord;

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,

I trust, I shall. — My women, come; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1. Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the
queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your
justice

Prove violence: in the which three great ones
suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

1. Lord. For her, my lord, —

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,

Please you to accept it, that the queen is spot-
less

I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,

In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;

Then, when I feel, and see her, no farther trust
her;

For every inch of woman in the world,

Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,

If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1. Lord. Good my lord, —

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our-
selves:

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,

That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the
villain,

I would land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine
honour,

I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't, and
feel't;

As you feel, doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1. Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I,
my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would con-
tent me

To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural good-
ness

Imparts this: which, — if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all

Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this pro-
ceeding;

Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have dispatch'd in
post,

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel
had,

Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1. Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no
more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it
good,

From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in publick: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper the prison, — call to
him; [Exit an Attendant.]
Let him have knowledge who I am. — Good
lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison? — Now, good
sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! — Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attend.]

Keep. And, madam, I must be present
At your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [Exit Keeper.]
Here's

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious
lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so for-
lorn,

May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn: —

These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king! be-
shrew them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more: — Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your la-
dyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
 Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
 Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
 I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
 As boldness from my bosom, let it not be
 doubted

I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
 I'll to the queen: please you, come something
 nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send
 the babe,
 I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
 Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
 The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
 By law and process of great nature, thence
 Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
 The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
 Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and dan-
 ger. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is
 but weakness
 To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if

The cause were not in being; — part o'the
cause,

She, the adultress; — for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. — Who's there?

1. *Atten.* My lord? [advancing.]

Leon. How does the boy?

1. *Atten.* He took good rest to-night; 'tis
hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd. — Leave me
solely: go,

See how he fares. [Exit Attend.] — Fye! fye!
no thought of him; —

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance. — Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sor-
row:

They should not laugh, if I could reach them;
nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1. *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second
to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent
soul;

More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1. *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needful heavings, — such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that hu-
mour,

That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful con-
ference,

About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How? —

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come
about me;

I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, can't not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come, —

And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
 Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
 Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
 Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
 Than such as most seem yours: — I say, I
 come
 From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I
 say, good queen;
 And would by combat make her good, so
 were I
 A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his
 eyes,
 First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
 But, first, I'll do my errand. — The good
 queen,
 For she is good, hath brought you forth a
 daughter;
 Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.]

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
 A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
 In so intitling me: and no less honest
 Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll war-
 rant,
 As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bas-
 tard: —

Thou, dotard, *[to Ant.]* thou art wowan-tyr'd,
 unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here, — take up the bas-
tard;

Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the princels, by that forced baseness

Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere
past all doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he

The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and

will not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse

He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten,

As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her

husband,

And now baits me! — This brat is none of

mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it; and, together with the dam,

Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your

charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. — Behold, my

lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the
valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, fin-
ger: —

And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast
made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all co-
lours

No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A grofs hag! —

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call your ty-
rant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her

A better guiding spirit! — What need these hands? —

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so: — Farewel; we are gone. *[Exit.]*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. —

My child? away with't! — even thou, that hast

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,

And see it instantly consum'd with fire;

Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,

(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;

The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;

For thou sett'st on thy wife

Ant. I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1. *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1. *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech,

So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,

(As recompence of our dear services,

Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that
blows: —

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. — You, sir, come you hi-
ther; [to Antigonus.]

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life: — for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey, — what will you
adventure

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this
sword,

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?)
for the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin
thee,

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou
bear it

To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange for-
tune

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, —
 On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture, —
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,
 Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take
 it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present
 death
 Had been more merciful. — Come on, poor
 babe:

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ra-
 vens,

To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they
 say,

Casting their savageness aside, have done
 Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous
 In more than this deed does require! and bless-
 ing,

Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit, with the
 child.*]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
 Another's issue.

1. Attend. Please your highness, posts,
 From those you sent to the oracle, are come
 An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both
 landed,
 Hasting to the court.

1. Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
 Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty three days
 They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; fore-
 tels,

The great Apollo suddenly will have
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
 Summon a session, that we may arraign
 Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath

Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The same. A Street in some town.

Enter CLEOMENES, and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most
sweet;

Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the re-
verence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen, — O, be't
so! —

As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
 Will clear, or end, the business: When the
 oracle,
 (Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
 Shall the contents discover, something rare,
 Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go, —
 fresh horses; —
 And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we
 pronounce)
 Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party try'd,
 The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
 Of us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
 Proceed in justice; which shall have due
 course,
 Even to the guilt, or the purgation. —
 Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the
 queen
 Appear in person here in court. — Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
 king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned
 of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes,
 king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away
 the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof

being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but
that

Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce
boot me

To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, — If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. — You, my lord, best
know,

(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life;
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold
me, —

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, — here standing,

To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I
prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for
honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,

How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must
not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been
in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love
 had spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant,
freely,

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man
And, why he left your court, the gods them-
selves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know

What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not:

My life stands in the level of your dreams,

Which I'll lay down.—

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;

You had a bastard by Polixenes,

And I but dream'd it: — As you were past all shame,

(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:

Which to deny, concerns more than avails:
for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,

No father owning it, (which is, indeed,

More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou

Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,

Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;

The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.

To me can life be no commodity:

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,

But know not how it went: My second joy,

And first-fruits of my body, from his presence

I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast

The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,

Haled out to murder: Myself on every post

Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,

The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs

To women of all fashion; — Lastly, hurried

Here to this place, i'the open air, before

I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive

That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this; mistake me not; — No! life,
 I prize it not a straw: — but for mine honour,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law. — Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle;
 Apollo be my judge.

1. Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt cer-
 tain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
 O, that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword
 of justice,
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
 Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
 brought
 This seal'd-up oracle by the hand deliver'd
 Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
 Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] Hermione is chaste, Polixenes
 blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jea-
 lous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and
 the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is
 lost, be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her.

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so as it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear

Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [*Her. faints.*] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: —
Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover. —

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion: —

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. — Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and ladies, with HERMIONE.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New-woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies

And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's ho-
nour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable
thoughts

(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the
heart,

That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last, — O lords,
When I have said, cry, woe! — the queen, the
queen,

The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and ven-
geance for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1. *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word,
nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve
you

As I would do the gods. — But, O thou ty-
rant!

Do not repent these things; for they are
heavier

Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake
thee

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods

To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have de-
serv'd

All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1. Lord. Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made
fault

I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know
them,

I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much

The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd

To the noble heart — What's gone, and what's
past help,

Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction

At my petition, I beseech you; rather

Let me be punish'd, that have minded you

Of what you should forget. Now, good my
liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman;

The love I bore your queen, — lo, fool
again! —

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;

I'll not remember you of my own lord,

Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,

And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth; which I receive much
better

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me

To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:

One grave shall be for both; upon them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto

Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit

The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,

Shall be my recreation: so long as nature

Will bear up with this exercise, so long,
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Bohemia. *A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath
touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look
grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my con-
science,
The heavens with that we have in hand are
angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! — Go, get
aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business. [Exit.]

Ant. Come, poor babe: —
I have heard, (but not believ'd), the spirits of the
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream

So like a walking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, —
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the
babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more: — and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father: — Blossom, speed thee well!

[*laying down the child.*]

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[*laying down a bundle.*]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
 pretty,
 And still rest thine. — The storm begins: — poor
 wretch,
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd

To loss, and what may follow! — Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. — Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour? —

Well may I get aboard! — This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting. — Hark you now! — Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behinddoor-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land; — but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service, — To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman: — But to make an end of the ship: — to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it: — but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them; — and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.

Clown. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [Aside.]

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now blefs thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a

squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see; — It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling: — open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. — Let my sheep go: — Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, — that please some, try all; both
joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error, —

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,

To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth un-
try'd

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make
stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such grow-
ing,

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth: — a shep-
herd's daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.]

S C E N E I.

The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more

importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aied abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee thy very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under

my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! — We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. *A Road near the shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer, —

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale, —

Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, —

With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing! —

*Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts, —
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the
jay: —
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

*I have serv'd prince Frorizel, and, in my time,
wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:*

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

*My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look
to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus;
who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was
likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles:
With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison;
and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and
knock, are too powerful on the high-way: beat-
ing, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life
to come, I sleep out the thought of it. — A prize!
a prize!*

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me see: — Every 'leven wether —
tods; every tod yields — pound and odd shilling;
fifteen hundred shorn, — What comes the wool
to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

[*Aside.*]

Clown. I cannot do't without counters. — Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice* — What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones: but they are most of them means and bases: but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies; *mace*, — *dates*, — none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, *seven*; a *race*, or *two*, of *ginger*; — but that I may beg; — *four pound of prunes*, and *as many raisins o'the sun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*groveling on the ground.*]

Clown. I'the name of me, —

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

— *Aut.* A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service.

Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! — [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part
of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,

Peering

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shear-
ing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
'The gracious mark o'the land, you have ob-
scur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly
maid,
Most goddels-like prank'd up: But that our
feasts
In every mels have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glafs.

Flo. I blefs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your great-
ness
Hath not been us'd so fear. Even now I
tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the
fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or
how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken

The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Nep-
tune

A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the
king:

One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change
this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken
not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my
fair,

Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any
thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming:

Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and Others.

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Addres yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife
liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd
all:

Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now
here,

At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to
quench it,

She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for
it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present your-
self

That which you are, mistress o'the feast:
Come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome! [to Pol.]

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o'the day: — You're welcome,
sir! [to Cam.]

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reve-
rend sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:

Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdes,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, —
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, — the fairest flowers o'the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that
kind

Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler cyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature, — change it rather:
but

The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them.
No more than, were I painted, I would wish

This youth should say, 'twere well; and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me. — Here's flowers for
you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are
given

To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,

And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now,
my fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and
yours;

That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: — O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened, thou let'st
fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets,
dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet
friend,

To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flor. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and
play on;
Not like a corse: or if, — not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I
wish you

A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and
own

No other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present
deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your
youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. — But, come; our dance, I
pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,

That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that
ever

Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or
seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth,
she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, strike up!

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,
garlick,
To mend her kissing with. —

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Not a word, a word; we stand upon
our manners. —

Come, strike up! [Musick.]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your
daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts
himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my
daughter;

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be
plain,

I think, there is not half a kifs to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing: though I report it,

That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without baudry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos*, and *fadings*: *jump her and thump her*; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the grofs; inkles, caddisses, cambricks,

lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods and goddesses: you would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clown. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing,

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel.
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come
buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, etc.*

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you:

may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that ap-

pear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?*

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both; — Pedler, let's have the first choice. — Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*]

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a?*

[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS and MORSA.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves, saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already: — I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.]

Re-enter Servant, with twelve rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter. —

Is it not too far gone? — 'Tis time to part them. —

He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*] — How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was
young,

And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have
ransack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lafs
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were
straited

For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and
lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. — O, hear me breathe my
life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this
hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this? —

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before! — I have put you
out: —

But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and
all:

That, — were I crown'd the most imperial mo-
narch,

Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest
youth

That ever made eye swerve; had force, and
knowledge,

More than was ever man's, — I would not
prize them,

Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ser-
vice,

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean
better:

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut
out

The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain; —
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness
to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand; —
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
more;

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good
reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Pol. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need
to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not: —

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir, [*disco-
vering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! — Thou old
traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh
piece

Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must
know

The royal fool thou cop'st with; —

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,
and made

More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond
boy, —

If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see [this] knack, (as
never

I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from suc-
cession;

Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far

Far than Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
 Follow us to the court. — Thou churl, for this
 time,
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free
 thee
 From the dead blow of it. — And you, enchant-
 ment, —
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
 Unworthy thee, — if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to it. [Exit.]

Per. Even here undone!
 I was not much afraid: for once, or twice,
 I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
 The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike. — Wilt please you, sir, be
 gone? [to Florizel.]
 I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech
 you,
 Of your own state take care: this dream of
 mine, —
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch far-
 ther,
 But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
 Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
 Nor dare to know that which I know. — O,
 sir, [to Florizel.]
 You have undone a man of fourscore three,
 That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
 To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
 To lie close by his honest bones: but now

Some hangman must put on my shrowd, and
lay me

Where no priest shovels-in dust. — O cursed
wretch! [to Perdita.]

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st
adventure

To mingle faith with him. — Undone! undone;
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [Exit.]

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not fol-
lowing

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, — which, I do
guess,

You do not purpose to him; — and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be
thus?

How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! — Lift up thy
looks: —

From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas
hide

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd
friend,

When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean
not

To see him any more,) cast your good coun-
sels

Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may
know,

And so deliver, — I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. — [takes her aside.]
I'll hear you by and by. [to Camillo.]

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;

Save him from danger, do him love and honour;

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [going.]

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'the
love

That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him,
which is

Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such re-
ceiving

As shall become your highness; where you
may

Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin :) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your ab-
sence,)

Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than
man,

And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, — if you will not change your
purpose,

But undergo this flight; — Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair prin-
cesses,

(For so, I see, she must be,) 'for Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, for-
giveness,

As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the
hands

Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides
him

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him,
with

What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down:

The which shall point you forth, at every
sitting,

What you must say; that he shall not per-
ceive,

But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most
certain,

To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain, as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you
know,

Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-
gether

Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these
seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mis-
tress

To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita. —
 But, O, the thorns we stand upon! — *Ca.*
 millo, —
 Preserver of my father, now of me;
 The medicin of our house! — how shall
 we do?
 We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
 Nor shall appear in Sicily —

Cam. My lord,
 Fear none of this: I think, you know, my for-
 tunes
 Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
 To have you royally appointed, as if
 The scene you play, were mine. For instance,
 sir,
 That you may know you shall not want, —
 one word. [They talk aside.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and
 trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentle-
 man! I have sold all my trumpery; not a coun-
 terfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch,
 table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye,
 bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fast-
 ing: they throng who should buy first; as if my
 trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a bene-
 diction to the buyer: by which means, I saw
 whose purse was best in picture; and, what I
 saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown,
 (who wants but something to be a reasonable
 man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song,
 that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had
 both tune and words; which so drew the rest of
 the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck
 in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was
 senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a

purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL and PERDITA, come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes, —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? — [seeing Autolycus.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, — why hanging. [Aside.]

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, dis-case thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir; — I know ye well enough. [Aside.]

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flea'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? — I smell the trick of it. — [Aside.]

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. — [Flor. and Autol. exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to you! — you must retire your-
self

Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; — muffle your
face;

Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat: —
Come, lady, come. — Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain for-
got?

Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.]

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the
king

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us! —
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown, and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; — here's more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*]

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this farthel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: — Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. — How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clown. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these

enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, and toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'the farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, their lies such secrets in this farthel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of

things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitae, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and,

if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety: — Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: — Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd, and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties

in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid
down

More penitence, than done trespass: At the
last,

Do, as the heavens have done; forget your
evil;

With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and

Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er
man

Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!

She I kill'd ! I did so : but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : Now,
 good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things, that
would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than, — for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good, —
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till

Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue;
[to Leon.]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina, —
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, — O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even
now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips, —

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one
worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you
mark

Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your
ears

Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that
follow'd

Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals! — fear thou no
wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spi-
rit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to
his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, —

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so
young

As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in
breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Flo-
rize,

Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires
Accels to your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth,
I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme.) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd; — thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly
ebb'd,

To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the
zeal

Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a
woman

More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;

Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and
his

Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the scepters,

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done
thee, stir

A fresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness! — Welcome
hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he
too

Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much
less

The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:
thence

(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;

The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who
now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the
earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father! —
The heavens sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated,

Leon. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first: —
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good fa-
ther's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,

Should chase us, with my father; power no
 jot
 Hath she, to change our loves. — 'Beseech you,
 sir,
 Remember since you ow'd no more to time
 Than I do now: with thought of such affec-
 tions,

Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
 My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
 mistrefs,
 Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
 Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a
 month
 'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth
 such gazes
 Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
 Even in these looks I made. — But your peti-
 tion [to Flo.]

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
 Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
 I am friend to them, and you: upon which er-
 rand

I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
 And mark what way I make: Come, good my
 lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at
 this relation?

1. *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the far-

thel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; — But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more. — How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3. *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs.

The mantle of queen Hermione's; — her jewel about the neck of it; — the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character; — the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; — the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding, — and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another: so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No: The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they

say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2. *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes?

say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have: — but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: — And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. — Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great
comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your grace, which never

My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much
content

In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I
keep it

Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis
well.

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.]

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder: But yet speak; — first, you, my
liege,

Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace. — But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excel-
lence;

Which lets go by some sixteen years, and
makes her

As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is

Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd
her!

I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? — O, royal
piece,

There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kifs.

Paul. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore
laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have
power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone
is mine.)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest
your fancy

May

May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, al-
ready —

What was he, that did make it? — See, my
lord,

Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that
those veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
you: but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. — Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine
chizzel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me,

For I wish kifs her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kifs it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll
think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or, those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick; awake her: strike.—[*Musick.*]
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach:
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:

[*Hermione comes from the pedestal.*]
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in
age.

Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [Embracing her.]
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has
liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little
while. —

Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. — Turn, good
lady;

Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! — Tell me, mine
own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, — have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. — Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine;

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many

A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
 (For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
 An honourable husband: — Come, Camillo,
 And take her by the hand: whose worth, and ho-
 nesty,
 Is richly noted; and here justify'd
 By us, a pair of kings. — Let's from this place. —
 What? — Look upon my brother: — both your
 pardons,
 That e'er I put between your holy looks
 My ill suspicion. — This your son-in-law,
 And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
 Is troth-plight to your daughter. — Good Paulina,
 Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
 Each one demand, and answer to his part
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
 We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*]

... MACBETH II. King of Scotland, had two
daughters. The eldest was married to Duncan, the
father of Malcolm, Prince of the Isles and Western parts
of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without
male issue Duncan succeeded to the throne. Mal-
colm's second daughter was married to Siward, Thane
of Gloucestre, the father of Edgar, Duke of Northumberland.
The daughter of Siward, first of Northumberland,
was married by her cousin Edmund, Malcolm, in the
course of his reign, according to tradition, in the year
1057, according to Henry Boethius, in 1059. Boethius
writes history of Scotland was first printed in seven-
teen books at Paris in 1525. This describes the events
which form the basis of the tragedy of Macbeth.

M A C B E T H.

... the great power of the crown, and the
Chronicle of Scotland, translated by John Bellenden,
follows that Macbeth was himself slain by Malcolm
in the year 1057, according to Boethius; according to
Boethius in 1057, at which time King Edgar the
Confessor possessed the throne of England. He
coined the history of Boethius, and on Malcolm's re-
lacion Shakespeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been dis-
served by the people of Lochaber of some of the king's
revenues, which he had collected, and being charged
thereby wounded in the affair, the persons concerned
in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain
day. But they slew the messenger at once who sum-
moned them, and chose one MACDOWD as their cap-
tain. Macdowd speedily collected a considerable bod-
dy of forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in
one action gained a victory over the king's army. In
this battle Malcolm, a Scottish noble-man, who was
(says Boethius) Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber,
was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were ap-
pointed to the command of the army; and Macdowd
being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber,

*** MALCOLM II, king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male issue, Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin germain, Macbeth, in the castle of Inverness, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whose history of Scotland was first printed in seventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus describes the event which forms the basis of the tragedy before us: „Macbeth, be persuasion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counsall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for ye tyme. And because he fand sufficient opportunitie, *be support of Banquo* and otheris his friendis, he slew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne.“ After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth „come with ane græt power to Scone, and tuk the crowne.“ *Chronicles of Scotland*, translated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himself slain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confessor possessed the throne of England. Holinshed copied the history of Boethius, and on Holinshed's relation Shakspeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of some of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the *serjeant at arms* who summoned them, and chose one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald speedily collected a considerable body of forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish noble-man, who was (says Boethius) „Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber,“ was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a castle in Lochaber,

first slew his wife and children, and then himself Macbeth on entering the castle finding his dead body. ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno, king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and after a great slaughter of his troops he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and the invasion of Sueno, our author has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. „*Multa hic fabulose quidam nostrorum affingunt; sed, quia theatris aut Milesiis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historiae, ea omitto.* RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII.“ But there was no translation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy, was written, I believe, in the year 1606.

Persons Represented.

Duncan, King of Scotland :

Malcolm, } *his Sons.*

Donalbain, }

Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's army.*

Banquo, }

Macduff, }

Lenox, }

Rosse, }

Menteth, }

Angus, }

Cathness, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces :*

Young Siward, his Son.

Seyton, an Officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.

M A C B E T H.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An open place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. *Witch.* **W**hen shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2. *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3. *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1. *Witch.* Where the place?

2. *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1. *Witch.* I come, Gray-malkin!

All. Paddock calls: — Anon. —

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches
vanish.]

S C E N E II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity: — Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sol. Doubtful it stood:
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-
wald

(Worthy to be a rebel: for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too
weak:

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave:
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
chops,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O. valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sol. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their
heels;

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sol. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: —

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds;
They smack of honour both: — Go, get him sur-
geons, [Exit Soldier, attended.]

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes?
So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And to conclude,
The victory fell on us; —

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall
deceive
Our bosom interest: — Go, pronounce his pre-
sent death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2. *Witch.* Killing swine.

3. *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1. *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her
lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd;—
Give me, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the
Tyger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1. *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3. *Witch.* And I another.

1. *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid:
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

2. *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum
within.*]

3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace! — the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not
seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores? — What
are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? — Live you? or are you
aught

That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me.

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: — You should be wo-
men,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; — What are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Glamis!

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Cawdor!

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be
king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem
to fear

Things that do sound so fair? — I'the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great predic-
tion

Of noble having, and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak
not:

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say, which grain will grow, and which
will not;

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2. *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou
be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more:

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Gla-
mis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor
lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from
whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting? — Speak, I
charge you. [*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water
has,

And these are of them: — Whither are they va-
nish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corpo-
ral melted

As breath into the wind. — 'Would they had
staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root,

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words.
Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with
that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do
you drefs me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang.

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
 But under heavy judgement bears that life
 Which he deserves to lose. Whe'r he was
 combin'd
 With those of Norway; or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage; or that with
 both
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know
 not;
 But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
 Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
 The greatest is behind. — Thanks for your
 pains. —
 Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
 When those that gave the thane of Cawdor
 to me,
 Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence. — Cousins, a word I
 pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentle-
 men. —

This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good: — If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Caw-
 dor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image dothunfix my hair,

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantas-
tical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that func-
tion
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why,
 chance may crown me,
 Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their
mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: — my dull
brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. — Let us toward the
king. —

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more
time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. — Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I V.

Fores. *A Room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are
not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have
spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face;
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. — O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
'That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less de-
serv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
ment
Might have been mine! only I have left to
say,

More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and ser-
vants;

Which do but what they should, by doing eve-
ry thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. — Noble Ban-
quo,

That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. — From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd
for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland! — That
is a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
[*Aside.*]

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so
valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. — They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves — air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: — Yet do I fear thy
nature;

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-
full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's
breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring mi-
nisters,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes;

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,

To cry, *Hold, hold!* — Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, — as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: — To beguile the
time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to
come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. *Servants of Macbeth attending with
torches.*

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,
LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the
air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's
breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutting frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant
cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt, I have ob-
serv'd,

The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostefs! —
The love that follows us, sometime is our
trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done
double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, where-
with
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostefs,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostefs. [Exeunt.]

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no
spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other — How now! what
news?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd; Why have
you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have
bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest
glofs,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept
since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have
that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you
would

Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor
place,

Did then adhere, and yet you would make
both:

They have made themselves, and that their fit-
ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and
know

How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless
gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail. —

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard jour-
ney

Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spungy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
 two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very
 daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE; and a Servant, with
a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard
the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword: — There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose! — Give me my sword; —

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in an unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largesse to your officers: This diamond he greets your wife withal, By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd, Our will became the servant to defect; Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve, We would spend it in some words upon that business, If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, — when 'tis,

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear, I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you!

[Exit BANQUO.]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Serv.]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee: —

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. — There's no such
thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his de-
sign

Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he
lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold:

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—

Hark! — Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is
about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*within.*] Who's there? — what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have
awak'd,

And 'tis not done: — the attempt, and not the
deed,

Confounds us: — Hark! — I laid their daggers
ready,

He could not miss them. — Had he not re-
sembled

My father as he slept, I had done't. — My hus-
band?

Enter

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed: — Didst thou
not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the
crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! — Who lies i'the second cham-
ber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on
his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry
sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
and one cry'd, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and
heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God blefs us!* and, *Amen,*
the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's
hands,

Listening their fear. I could not say, *amen,*

When they did say, *God blefs us.*

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
amen?

I had most need of blessing, and *amen*

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep*
no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast; —

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all
the house:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more, *Macbeth* shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: — Go, get some wa-
ter,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?

They must lie there: Go, carry them; and
smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the
dead,

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking*
within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking!

How is't with me, when every noise appals
me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one, red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but
I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry: — retire we to our cham-
ber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then? Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. — [*Knocking.*] Hark!
more knocking:

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers: — Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, — 'twere best not
know myself.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would,
thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*]

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turn-

ing the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale: who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an english taylor come hither, for stealing out of a french hose: come in, taylor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you? — But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlāsting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF, and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off;

it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring? —
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet,

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;

I have almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time: The obscure
bird

Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the
earth

Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot pa-
rallel

A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue,
nor heart,

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his mas-
ter-piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy
your sight

With a new Gorgon: — Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. — Awake!
awake! —

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarum-bell: — Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counter-
feit,

And look on death itself! — up, up, and see

The great doom's image! — Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like
 sprights,
To countenance this horror! *[Bell rings.]*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak. —

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell. — O Banquo! Ban-
quo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where. —
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this
chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this in-
stant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:

The spring, the head, the fountain of your
blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with
blood,

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we
found

Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were dis-
tracted;

No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate,
and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason. — Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the mur-
derers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their dag-
gers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could re-
frain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim the argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken

Here, where our fate, hid in an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our
tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady: — [*Lady Macb. is
carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples
shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contended. [*Excunt all but Mal.
and Don.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort
with them:

To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to Eng-
land.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft

Which steals itself, when there's no mercy
left. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse, and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well:

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this
sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis
day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling
lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On tuesday
last,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange and certain,)
Beauteous, and swift, the minions of their
race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would

Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff: —

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them

Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up

Thine own life's means! — Then 'tis most like,

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,

To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: — adieu! —

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and
with those

That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! [Exeunt.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou playd'st most foully for't: yet it was
said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from
them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady
MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, La-
dies and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper,
sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your
good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prospe-
rous)

In this day's council; but we'll talk to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the
time

'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are
bestow'd

In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of
state,

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with
you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure
of foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel. —

[Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with
you. —

[Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, etc.]

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our
pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the pa-
lace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. — [Exit Atten.]
To be thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus: — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much
he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sis-
ters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-
like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo
kings!

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! — Who's
there? —

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we
call. [Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held
you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had
been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, past in probation with
you;
How you were borne in hand; how crost; the
instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else,
that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did Banquo.

1. Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is
now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the
grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for
 men;
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels,
 curs,
 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are
 cleped

All by the name of dogs: the valued file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the
 world
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
 I do, to spite the world.

1. *Mur.* And I another,
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2. *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody
 distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life: And though I
 could

With

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my
sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2. *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide
within.

It is concluded: — Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

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Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend
his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have
dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all
remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is
done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not
kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor
malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the
dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to
peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor
poison,

Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on; Gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jo-
vial

Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: Unsafe the while,
that we

Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife!

Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance,
lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not
eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assail-
able;

Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecat's sum-
mons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be
done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
night,

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond

Which keeps me pale! — Light thickens; and
the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee
still;

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by
ill:

So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*The same. A Park or lawn, with a gate leading
to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3. *Mur.* Macbeth.

2. *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he
delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1. *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest

That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'the court.

1. *Mur.* His horses go about.

3. Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE; a Servant with a torch
preceding them.*

2. Mur. A light, a light!

3. Mur. 'Tis he.

1. Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1. Mur. Let it come down. [assaults
BANQUO.]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
fly, fly;

Thou may'st revenge. — O slave!

[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.]

3. Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1. Mur. Was't not the way?

3. Mur. There's but one down; the son is
fled.

2. Mur. We have lost best half of our af-
fair.

1. Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much
is done. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

A Room of state in the Palace.

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MAC-
BETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit
down: at first,
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,

And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all
our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks: —

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i'the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. — There's blood upon thy
face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he
within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did
for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats:
Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,
bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that: —
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's
fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone;
to-morrow

We'll hear, ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were best
at home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer! —
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

*The ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's
place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's ho-
nour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo pre-
sent;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that
moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never
shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not
well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: — my lord is
often thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep
seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look
on that

Which might appall the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,

Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's
done,

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you? —

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak
too. —

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send

Those that we bury, back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the
olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more
strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget: —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all;
Then I'll sit down: — Give me some wine, fill
full: —
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we
miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we
thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant! and quit my sight! Let the
earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, so; — being
gone,

I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night: —
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health,
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood
will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
speak;

Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies
his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will
send:

There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will,) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to
know,

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own
good,

All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: —
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter, from opposite sides, *HECATE*, and the
three Witches.

I. Witch. Why, how now, Hecat'? you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you
 are,
 Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
 To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
 In riddles, and affairs of death;
 And I, the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or shew the glory of our art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spightful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now: Get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i'the morning; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms, and every thing beside:
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that, distill'd by magick slights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
 And you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] Come away, come away, etc.
 Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

I. *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon
 be back again. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: — marry, he was
dead: —
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance
kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? dammed fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of
sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should
find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! — for from broad words, and 'cause
he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell

Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff is
gone,
To pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate their king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, Sir,
not I,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the*
time
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2. *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

3. *Witch.* Harper cries: — 'tis time, 'tis time.

1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw. —

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2. *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a tyger's chaudron,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble

2. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
 And every one shall share i'the gains.
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in. [Musick.]

S O N G.

*Black spirits and white,
 Red spirits and grey;
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.*

2. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes: —
 Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
 night hags?
 What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you pro-
 fess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against

Against the churches; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
 down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the trea-
 sure

Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken, answer me
 To what I ask you.

1. *Witch.* Speak.

2. *Witch.* Demand.

3. *Witch.* We'll answer.

1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from
 our mouths,
 Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1. *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath
 eaten

Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet, throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
 Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. *An Apparition of an armed head rises.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —

1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
 Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. — Dismiss me: —
 Enough. [descends.]

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good cau-
 tion, thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: — But one word
more: —

I. *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! —

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to
scorn

The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [descends.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear
of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned, with a
tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers
are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane-hill
Shall come against him. [descends.]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom. — Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know: —
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is
this? [Hautboys.]

1. *Witch.* Shew! 2. *Witch.* Shew! 3. *Witch.*
Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight kings appear, and pass over the stage in order;
the last, with a glass in his hand: Banquo following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls: — And
thy air,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first: —

A third is like the former: — Filthy hags!

Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? —

Start, eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack
of doom? —

Another yet? — A seventh? — I'll see no more: —

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,

Which shews me many more; and some I see,

That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:

Horrible sight; — Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. — What, is this so?

1. *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so; — But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? —

That trace him in his line. No boasting like a
fool;

This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:

But no more sights! — Where are these
gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly
the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave
his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your
husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,

And do not know ourselves; when we hold
rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move. — I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

To what they were before. — My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the
net, nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do
for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and
yet i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm? — What are
these faces?

Enter certain Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? *[stabbing him.]*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you. *[Dies. Exit L. Macduff,
crying murder, and pursued by the murderers.]*

S C E N E III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM, and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade,
and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new
morn,

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new
sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him
well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but
something

You may deserve of him through me: and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon;

That which you are, my thoughts cannot trans-
pose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows
of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did
find my doubts.

Why in that rawnels left you wife, and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love,)

Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: — You may be rightly
just,

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou
thy wrongs,

Thy title is affear'd! — Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
 There would be hands uplifted in my right;
 And here, from gracious England, have I offer
 Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before;
 More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
 By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
 All the particulars of vice so grafted,
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
 With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
 In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
 That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
 In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust: and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
 That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
 Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours: you may
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious penty,

And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be That vulture in you, to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows, In my most ill-compos'd affection, such A stanchless avarice, that, were I king, I should cut off the nobles for their lands; Desire his jewels, and this other's house: And my more-having would be as a sauce To make me hunger more; that I should forge Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal, Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root Than summer-seeming lust: and it hath been The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear; Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will, Of your mere own: All these are 'portable, With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces, As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, Bounty, persévérance, mercy, lowliness, Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude, I have no relish of them; but abound In the division of each several crime, Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, Uproar the universal peace, confound All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak: I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. — O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accours'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? — Thy royal
father

Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore
thee,

Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. — O, my
breast,

Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodness,

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things
at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. — Comes the king
forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched
souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes
remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where
nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent
the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's
lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I
did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife,
and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven! —
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all

That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. — All my pretty
ones?

Did you say, all? — O, hell-kite! — All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. — Did heaven
look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them
now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword:
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! — But, gentle
heaven,

Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven, forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you,
but can perceive no truth in your report. When
was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field,
I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her
night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take
forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, after-
wards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all
this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to re-
ceive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the ef-
fects of watching. — In this slumbry agitation,
besides her walking, and other actual perform-
ances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after
her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having
no witnesses to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very
guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe
her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks; I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't: — Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to, you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well, —

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown: look not so pale: — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone; To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady Macbeth.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician. — God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her; — So, good-night: My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes

Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they
coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his
brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not; I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the
weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

S C E N E III.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them
fly all:

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-
colm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know

All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me
thus:

*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of
woman,*

*Shall e'er have power upon thee. — Then fly,
false thanes,*

And mingle with the English epicures:

*The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with
fear.*

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Ser. There is ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy
fear,

Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. — Seyton! — I
 am sick at heart,
 When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
 I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
 dare not.
 Seyton! —

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
 reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh
 be hack'd. —

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round:
 Hang those that talk of fear! — Give me mine
 armour. —

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
 And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
 Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none
of it. —

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:
Seyton, sent out. — Doctor, the thanes fly from
me: —

Come, sir, dispatch: — If thou could'st, doctor,
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. — Pull't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? — Hearest
thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal prepa-
ration

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
[*Aside.*]

Profit again should hardly draw me here.
[*Excunt.*]

S C E N E I V.

Country near Dunsinane: A wood in view.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD
and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, AN-
GUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident
tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

S C E N E V.

Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

*Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON,
and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls;

The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:

Were they not forc'd with those that should be
ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that
noise? [*A cry within, of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of
fears:

The time has been, my senses would have
cool'd

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with hor-
rours;

Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. -- Wherefore was that
cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macd. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word. —
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. —

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [striking him.]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. —
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane; — and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. — Arm, arm, and
out! —

If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now un-
done. —

Ring the alarum bell: — Blow, wind! come,
wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
MACDUFF, etc. and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,

And shew like those you are: — You, worthy
uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and
we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well. —

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight,

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

S C E N E VII.

The same. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake; I can-
not fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course. —

What's he,

That was not born of woman? Such a one

Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hot-
ter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight; and young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman. —

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[Exit.]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macb. That way the noise is: — Tyrant,
shew thy face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou,
Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not.

[Exit. Alarum.]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; — the castle's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. *[Exeunt. Alarum.]*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me
so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. — I'll not fight
with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,

Painted upon a pole; and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last: Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
 And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*

[Exeunt, fighting.]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours,
 MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS,
 CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe
 arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these
 I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble
 son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a sol-
 dier's debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
 The which no sooner had his prowess con-
 firm'd

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your
 cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hunts, before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! — Here comes newer
comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with Macbeth's head on
a pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine, —
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of
time,

Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scot-
land

In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time, —
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life; — This, and what needful
 else

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place:
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

KING

A play entitled *The troubles of King John* was printed in 1611, written by the writer of *Henry VIII.* It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele, and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakespeare and W. B. (Barnes). But this is a mistake. In the 1611 edition of this play, the title is *The troubles of King John*, and the name of the writer is given as *W. B.* and to the play is prefixed the name of *Shakespeare's* play, which at that time was not published. — *See* *Notes on the edition of 1611* in the *Library of the University of Cambridge*. The play was written, I believe, in 1611, and is the work of which this edition is a reprint.

K I N G J O H N.

Shakespeare also personated *Richard's* reign, he being undoubtedly the guide in all his historical plays. This play comprises a period of more than a century.

King John, commencing with his accession to the throne, and ending with his death.

There must have been some tradition, however, upon which Mr. Pope's edition was founded. I make no doubt that every actor who had seen the play, and when Shakespeare's play was acted, and could not be obtained from the players, a printed bookeller reprinted the old one, which W. B. in the title page, I believe, is the case.

A book called *The History of Lord Falstaff*, by *Richard Foxe*, was printed at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 16, 1614. I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter edition, or a play on the same subject. For the original *King John*, the old play, on which *Shakespeare's* play was founded, by *W. B.* called *Chalonsworth*. *See* *Notes*.

The *History of Lord Falstaff*, &c. is a prose narrative, &c. The earliest edition that I have seen of it was printed in 1615.

A book entitled *Richard the Lionheart* was entered in the Stationers' Book in 1615. Malone.

К И Н О Г И И

* * A Play entitled *The troublesome raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the *second* edition of this old play in 1611, the letters W. Sh. were put into the title-page, to deceive the purchaser, and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakspeare's play, which at that time was not published. — See a more minute account of this fraud in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1596. The reasons on which this opinion is founded, may be found in that Essay. This drama was evidently formed on the old anonymous play. Probably, however, Shakspeare also perused Holinshed's account of this reign, he being undoubtedly his guide in all his historical plays. This play comprehends a period of almost seventeen years, being nearly the whole reign of King John, commencing soon after his accession to the throne, and ending with his death. MALONE.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*; and when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title page. FARMER.

„A booke called *The Hystorie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*,“ was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the original *King John*, see *Six old plays on which Shakspeare founded etc.* published by S. Lea-croft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

The hystorie of Lord Faulconbridge, etc. is a prose narrative, in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it, was printed in 1616.

A book entitled „*Richard Cur de Lion*,“ was entered on the Stationers Books in 1558. MALONE.

Persons Represented.

King John:

Prince Henry, *his son; afterwards King Henry III.*

Arthur, *Duke of Bretagne, son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.*

William Mareshall, *Earl of Pembroke.*

Geffrey Fitz-Peter, *Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.*

William Longsword, *Earl of Salisbury.*

Robert Bigot, *Earl of Norfolk.*

Hubert de Burgh, *Chamberlain to the King.*

Robert Faulconbridge, *son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

Philip Faulconbridge, *his half-brother; bastard son to K. Richard the First.*

James Gurney, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *king of France.*

Lewis, *the dauphin.*

Arch-duke of Austria.

Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*

Melun, *a French Lord.*

Chatillon, *Ambassador from France to king John.*

Elinor, *the widow of King Henry II. and mother of King John.*

Constance, *mother to Arthur.*

Blanch, *daughter to Alphonso king of Castile, and niece to king John.*

Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

K I N G J O H N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Northampton. *A Room of state in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON.

K. John. **N**ow, say, Chatillon, what would
France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of
France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning; — borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the em-
bassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true be-
half

Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
 De-iring thee to lay aside the sword,
 Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
 And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
 Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody
 war,

To inforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood
 for blood,

Controlment for controlment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
 mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in
 peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
 For ere thou canst report I will be there,
 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
 So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
 And sullen presage of your own decay. —
 An honourable conduct let him have; —
 Pembroke, look to't! — Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt CHAT. and PEM.*]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever
 said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
 Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
 Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented, and made
 whole,

With very easy arguments of love;
 Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
 With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right,
 for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than
your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall
hear.

*Enter the sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Essex.*

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest con-
troversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach. — [*Exit. Sheriff.*]
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, and
Philip, his bastard brother.*

This expedition's charge. — What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour giving hand
Of Coeur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faul-
conbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the
heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty
king,

That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it; That is my brother's plea, and none of mine; The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out At least from fair five hundred pound a year: Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow: — Why, being younger born, Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land. But once he slander'd me with bastardy: But whe'r I be as true begot, or no, That still I lay upon my mother's head; But, that I am as well begot, my liege, (Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!) Compare our faces, and be judge yourself. If old sir Robert did beget us both, And were our father, and this son like him; — O old sir Robert, father, on my knee I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Coeur-de-lion's face, The accent of his tongue affecteth him: Do you not read some tokens of my son In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, And finds them perfect Richard. — Sirrah, speak, What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father; With that half-face would he have all my land: A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd, Your brother did employ my father much; —

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;

Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and
shores

Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have
kept

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your
father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes, —

My mother's son did get your father's heir;

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,

To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir, Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather, — be a Faulconbridge, And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land; Or the reputed son of Coeur de-lion, Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape, And I had his, sir Robert his, like him; And if my legs were two such riding-rods, My arms such eel skins stuff'd; my face so thin, That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose, Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land, 'Would I might never stir from off this place, I'd give it every foot to have this face; I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune, Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me? I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance: Your face hath got five hundred pound a year; Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear. — Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;

Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st;
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me
your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land: —
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet! —
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:
What though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou
thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire. —
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must
speed

For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to
thee!

For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady: —
Good den, sir Richard, — God-a-mercy, fellow; —
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller, —

He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mels;
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My picked man of countries: — *My dear sir,*
 (Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you — That is question now;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book: —
O sir, says answer, at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir: —
No, sir, says question; I, sweet sir, at yours:
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no;) *I mean*
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising. —
 But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother: — How now, good lady?

What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother?
 where is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-reverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?

He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, Good Philip.

Bast. Philip? — sparrow! — James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit GURNEY.]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work: — Therefore, good
mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, — Basilisco-like:

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Coeur-de-lion was thy father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my
charge! —

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get
again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your
folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dis-
pose, —

Subjected tribute to commanding love, —
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's
hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not
well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says, it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

France. *Before the walls of Angiers.*

*Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and forces;
on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and forces,
LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hi-
ther.

Arth. God shall forgive you Coeur-de-lion's
death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of
war:

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee
right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
 thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him
 strength,
 To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift
 their swords
 In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall
 be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town. —
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots of best advantages: —
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with
 blood:

My lord Chatillon may from England bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! — lo, upon thy
 wish,
 Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd. —
 What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
 We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry
 siege,
 And stir them up against a mightier task.
 England, impatient of your just demands,
 Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
 To land his legions all as soon as I:
 His marches are expedient to this town,
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-queen,
 An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
 With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
 With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:
 And all the unsettled humours of the land, —
 Rash, inconsiderate, fry voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce drangons' spleens, —
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums
 [Drums beat.]
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
 To parly, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion:
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the BASTARD,
 PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in
 peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
 If not: bleed France, and peace ascend to
 heaven!
 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to
 heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war
 return

From France to England, there to live in peace!
 England we love; and, for that England's sake,
 With burthen of our armour here we sweat:
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine:
 But thou from loving England art so far,
 That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face; —
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of
 his:

This little abstract doth contain that large,
 Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time
 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
 That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
 And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
 And this is Geffrey's: In the name of God,
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,
 Which owe the crown that thou o'er-masterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great com-
 mission, France,
 To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs
 good thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority,
 To look into the blots and stains of right.
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
 Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;

And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority,

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper,
France?

Const. Let me make answer; — thy usurp-
ing son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the
world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy
father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would
blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with
you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;

Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's
robe,

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an afs: —

But, afs, I'll take that burden from your back;

Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs
our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do
straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference. —

King John, this is the very sum of all, —
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon: — I do defy thee,
France,

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy,
he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does,
or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's
shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystall beads heaven shall be
brib'd

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: This is thy eldest son's
son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say, —
Thet he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury, — the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked
will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more tem-
perate:

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions. —
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1. *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the
walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects, —

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's
subjects, —

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage; — Therefore, hear
us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here,
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king, —
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks, —
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to
us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unback'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in
peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

I. Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's
subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let
me in.

I. Cit. That can we not: but he that proves
the king,

To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
the king?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's
breed, —

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods
as those, —

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his
claim.

I. Cit. Till you compound whose right is
worthiest,

We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
souls,

That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen! — Mount, chevaliers!
to arms!

Bast. Saint George, — that swing'd the dra-
gon, and e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostels' door,

Teach us some fence! — Sirrah, were I at home,

At your den, sirrah, [to Aust.] with your lioness,

I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,

And make a monster of you. —

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll
set forth

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; — [*to Lewis.*] and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand. — God, and our right! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
your bells;
King John, your king and England's doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,

That is removed by a staff of France;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd
 forth;

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes:
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

1. *Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might
 behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured:
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have an-
 swer'd blows;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
 fronted power:
 Both are alike; and both alike we like.
 One must prove greatest: while they weigh so
 even,
 We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power; ELI-
 NOR, BLANCH, and the BASTARD: at the other, King
 PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to
 cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop
 of blood,
 In this hot trial, more than we of France;
 Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks, —

Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scrowl, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with
steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings. —

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fry-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
your king?

1. Cit. The king of England, when we know
the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up
his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great de-
puty,

And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1. Cit. A greater power than we, denies all
this;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
 flout you, kings;
 And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
 our heads,
 I like it well: — France, shall we knit our
 powers,

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king, —
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town, —
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
 And when that we have dash'd them to the
 ground,
 Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,

Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so : — Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction

Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south;

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

[*Aside.*]
I'll stir them to it: — Come, away, away!

1. Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;

Win you this city without stroke, or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field:

Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1. Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,

Is near to England; Look upon the years

Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,

Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,

Whose veins bound richer blood than lady

Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete, O say, he is not she;

And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made
one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be,
kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks,
and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and
bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while
their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

i. Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been
forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy
princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the
lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:

I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with Blanch.*]

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her
eye! —
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow! —
And quarter'd in her heart! — he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is
mine:

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this, — that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
your judge.)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What
say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still
to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can
you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,
Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,

Full

Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. —
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well; — Young princes,
close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well
assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your
gates,

Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd. —
Is not the lady Constance in this troop? —
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much: —
Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your high-
ness tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that
we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure. —
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. — Call the lady Con-
stance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: — I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard. The Citizens retire from the walls.*]

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:

And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, — cheats the poor maid of

that;
That smooth fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity, —

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:

And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own-determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace. —

And why rail I on this commodity?

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor-beggar, raileth on the rich.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say, — there is no sin, but to be rich;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say, — there is no vice, but beggary:
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee!
 [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The French king's Tent.

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a
 peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be
 friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those pro-
 vinces?

It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;

Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;

I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man:

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick, and capable of fears;

Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
 fears;

A widow, husbandlefs, subject to fears;

A woman, naturally born to fears:

And though thou now confests, thou didst but
 jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of
 thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
 Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them
 false,

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this
 sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die. —
 Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art
 thou?

France friend with England! what becomes of
 me? —

Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady,
 done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, were
 grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content;

For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
 But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
 Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
 Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
 And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John: —
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
 Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go
 with thee;

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[She throws herself on the ground.]

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
 ELINOR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bless-
 ed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
 To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
 Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,

The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy-day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy-day! —
[rising.]

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falshood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no
cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a coun-
terfeit, and made me proud;
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and
try'd,

Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd
kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humourous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art
thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words
to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for
thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget
thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,

Do, in his name, religiously demand,
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
 This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
 Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Eng-
 land,

Add thus much more, — That no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So, under him, that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
 So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme
 in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of
 Christendom,
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
 Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
 And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretick;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
 That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
 Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
 To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him
 right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my
 curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do
 no right,
 Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
 For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
 And raise the power of France upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go
 thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France
 repent,
 And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
 limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
 wrongs,

Because —

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the car-
 dinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts
thee here,
In likenels of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from
her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle. —
That faith will live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts
up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not
to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer
well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in
doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most
sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what
to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my per-
son yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit;

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength or sacred vows;
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before, —
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace, —
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
stain'd

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with
heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost
hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

KING JOHN.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-
form'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss, when it is truly done;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done, not doing it;

The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falshood falshood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

It is religion, that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion;

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou
swear'st;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;

Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost
swear.

Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:

And better conquest never canst thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions:

Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,

The peril of our curses light on thee;

So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,

But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?

Will not a calfs-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd
men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums, —

Clamours of hell, — be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me! — ah, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth! — even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-
nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What mo-
tive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee
upholds,

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine ho-
nour!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need: — England, I'll
fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour
within this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald
sexton time,

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair
day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a band:

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune
lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there
my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance toge-
ther. — [Exit Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens. —
To arms, let's hie! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the BASTARD, with
AUSTRIA's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy: — Philip,
make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same.

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN,
ELINOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD, HUBERT, and
Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay
behind, *[to Elinor.]*
So strongly guarded. — Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with
grief.

K. John. Cousin, *[to the Bast.]* away for Eng-
land; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must, by the hungry, now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive
me back,

When gold and silver becks me to come on.
 I leave your highness: — Grandam, I will pray
 (If ever I remember to be holy)
 For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [Exit Bast.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a
 word. [She takes Arthur aside.]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
 Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
 There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
 And with advantage means to pay thy love:
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say, —
 But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to
 say so yet:

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so
 slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say, — But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience: — If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
 If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the
 veins,

Making

Making that ideot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not — Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember. — Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. — On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had
this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath: —
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redrefs,
But that which ends all counsel, true redrefs,

Death, death: — O amiable lovely death!
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself:
 Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
 And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
 O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to
 cry: —

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
 Then with a passion would I shake the world;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice.
 Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
 I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
 My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
 I am not mad; — I would to heaven, I were!
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget! —
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
 If I were mad, I should forget my son;
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses: O, what love
I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseperable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will
I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cry'd aloud:
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. —
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent
child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do. —
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*]

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*]

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make
me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet word's
taste,

That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,

Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore,
mark.

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this
old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:
For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Ar-
thur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
 If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
 Than I have nam'd! — The bastard Faulconbridge
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,
 Offending charity: If but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand English to their side;
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
 Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent:
 Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
 For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions:
 Let us go;
 If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT, and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
 Within the arras: when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch

1. *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't. — [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title To be more prince) as may be. — You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?

No indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;

That I might sit all night and watch with you:

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom. —

Read here, young Arthur. [*shewing a paper*] How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning despiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,) —

And I did never ask it you again:

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;

Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your
grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,

And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine
eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,

So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench this fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but
 Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [stamps.]

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
 are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-
 rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1. Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a
 deed. [Exeunt Attendants.]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart: —
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! — that there were but a moth
 in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense!
 Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues.

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead
with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven ! — I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

*Enter King JOHN, crown'd; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,
and other Lords. The king takes his state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double
pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face

Of plain old form is much disfigured:
 And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
 Startles and frights consideration;
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than
 well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness:
 And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
 As patches, set upon a little breach,
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-
 crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your
 highness

To over-bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
 Since all and every part of what we would,
 Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
 I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
 And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)
 I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask
 What you would have reform'd, that it not well;
 And well shall you perceive, how willingly
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of
 these,

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)
 Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
 Your safety, for the which myself and them
 Bend their best studies,) heartily request
 The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 To break into this dangerous argument, —
 If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,

Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
 Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
 The rich advantage of good exercise?
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
 That you have bid us ask his liberty;
 Which for our goods we do no further ask,
 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction. — Hubert, what news with
 you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
 He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
 The image of a wicked heinous fault
 Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
 Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
 And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
 Between his purpose and his conscience,
 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemp. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue
 thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
 hand: —

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
 The suit which you demand is gone and dead;
 He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death
 he was

Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it: —
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with
thee.

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death. —

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: — How goes all in
France?

Mes. From France to England. — Never such
a power

For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care;

That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mes. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers! — What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France! —
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mes. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the BASTARD, and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. — Now, what says the
world

To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was
amaz'd

Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the float; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall exprefs.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;

To

To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st
thou say so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall
out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee. — O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with Peter.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths
are full of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot
before. —

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion! —
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me
speed. [Exit.]

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentle-
man. —

Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need

Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.]

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. Mylord, they say, five moons were seen
to-night:

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattel'd and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty
cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not
provoke me?

K. John. It is the course of kings, to be attended

By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life!
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord, —

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or
made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears
in me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
name. —

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive; This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to
 the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience!
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap
 down: —

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not! —
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[leaps down.]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones: —
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my
 bones! [dies.]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-
 bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the car-
 dinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
 Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
 Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward: for 'twill be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
 lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us;
 We will not line his thin bestained cloak
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
 That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
 Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. What e'er you think, good words, I
 think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief; Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*]

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done, Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave, Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see? could thought, without this object,

Form such another? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:

And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;

The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—

We had a kind of light, what would ensue:

It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
 The practice, and the purpose, of the king: —
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to his breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pemb. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:

Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death: —

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*drawing his sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back,
 I say:

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble-
 man?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;

Yet, I am none: Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?

Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin
there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us
out. [Exeunt Lords.]

Bast. Here's a good world! — Knew you of
this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd as black — nay, nothing is so black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer;
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul, —

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up. —
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms. —
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world. —
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swellings state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
 The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again [*giving John the crown.*]
 From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet
 the French;

And from his holiness use all your power
 To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
 Our discontented countries do revolt;
 Our people quarrel with obedience;
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
 This inundation of mistemper'd humour
 Rests by you only to be qualify'd.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
 That present medicine must be minister'd,
 Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest
 up,
 Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
 But, since you are a gentle convertite,
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,

And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[Exit.]

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the
prophet

Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there
holds out,

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the
streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did
live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he
knew.

But wherefore do you droop? why look you
sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble
there?

O, let it not be said! — Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been
with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this pre-
sent time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet,
I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Plain near St. Edmund's-bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BICOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong. —
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, — king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
back;
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chāstis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this
fire;

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with
Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,
 To unde-prop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this
 work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To out-look conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death. —

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
 Let me have audience; I am sent to speak: —
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties;
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well: — Now hear our English
 king;

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
 He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:

This

This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd sawciness, and boyish troops,
 The king doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your
 door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
 To dive like buckets, in concealed wells;
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
 To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
 Thinking this voice an armed Englishman; —
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. —
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
 Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
 Their neelds to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face
 in peace;

We grant, thou canst out-scold us: fare thee
 well;

We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither: —

Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will
cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John: and in his forehead sits
A bare ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger
out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. A field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN, and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell
me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me
so long,

Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faul-
conbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;

And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the
abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great sup-
ply,

That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me
up,

And will not let me welcome this good news. —
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. Another part of the same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with
friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath
left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other
names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and
sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at saint Edmund's-bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my
view,

Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, — whose black contagious
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun, —
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him, — and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman, —
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, — And beshrew
my soul

But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-
look'd, —
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John. —
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. — Away, my friends! New
flight;

And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E V.

The same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS, and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was
loth to set;
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own
ground

In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needful shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it! —

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here: — What news?

Mes. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:

And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,

Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! — Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,

As this hath made me. — Who was he, that said,

King John did fly, an hour or two before

The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well, keep good quarter, and good care to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,

To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the BASTARD, and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend: — What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Hub. Whither dost thou go?

Bast. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue
so well:

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
night,
Have done me shame: — Brave soldier, pardon
me,

That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what
news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow
of night;
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the
night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill
news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to
him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all
come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;
 At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
 And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty
 heaven,
 And tempt us not to bear above our power! —
 I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
 Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
 These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
 Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
 Away, before! conduct me to the king,
 I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
 Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
 (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
 house)
 Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
 Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak; and holds
 belief,
 That, being brought into the open air,
 It would allay the burning quality
 Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard
 here. — [Exit Bigot.]
 Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
 Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,

In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
 Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
 Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now
 Against the mind, the which he pricks and
 wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies;
 Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
 Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
 should sing. —

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
 And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are
 born

To set a form upon that indigest
 Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT, and Attendants, who bring in King
 JOHN in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
 room;
 It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
 That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
 I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
 Upon a parchment; and against this fire
 Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, — ill fare; — dead, for-
 sook, cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosom; nor intreat the north
 To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
 And comfort me with cold: — I do not ask you
 much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in
my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot. —
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine
eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should
sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer
him:

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The king dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead
an ear. —
My liege! my lord! — But now a king, — now
thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so
stop. —
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still. —
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres,

Where be your powers? Shew now your mended
faiths;

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much
as we;

The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: — And you, my noble
prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give
you thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs. —
This England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make
us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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Shakespeare, William,

Dramatic works of William Shakespeare in eight volumes

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